









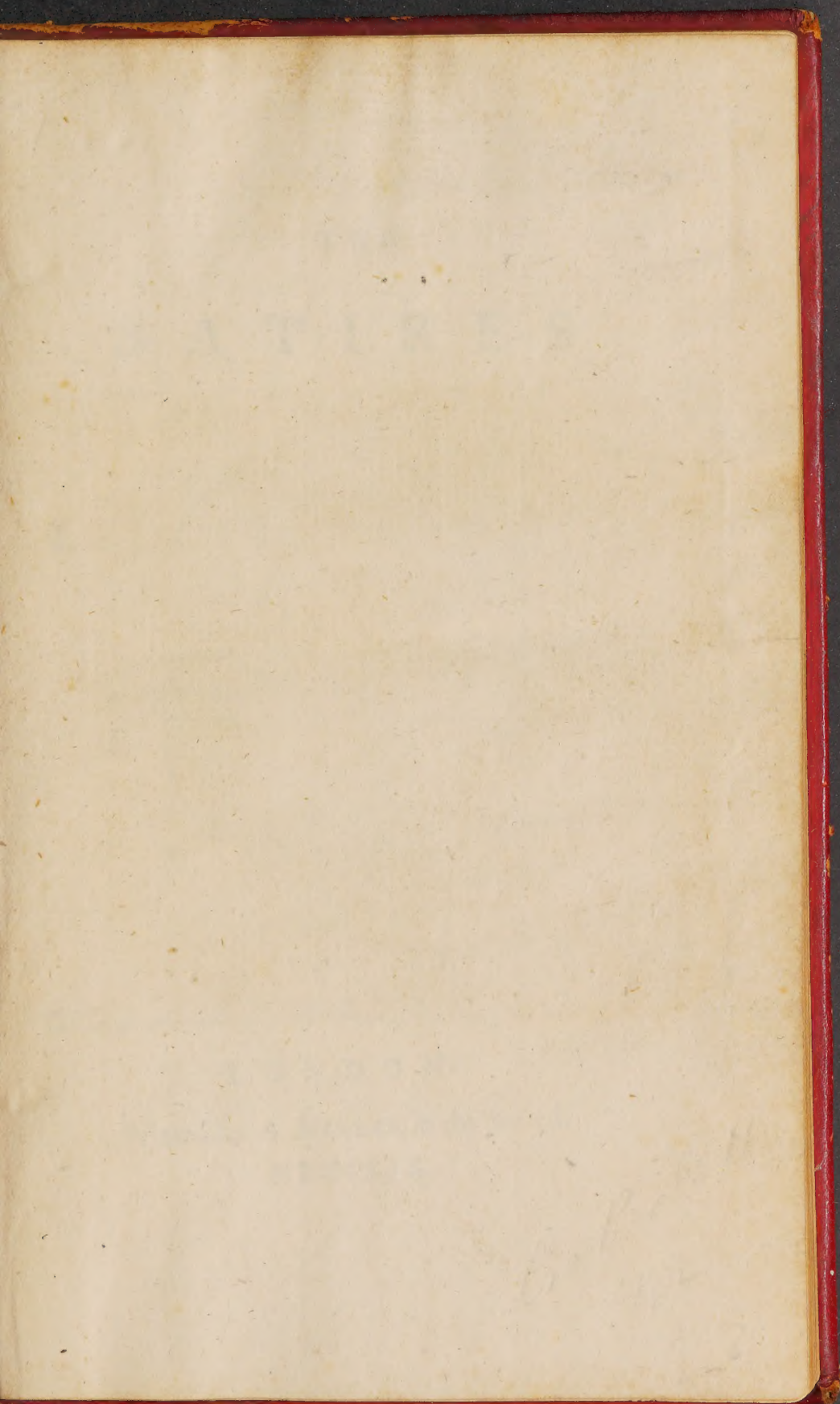


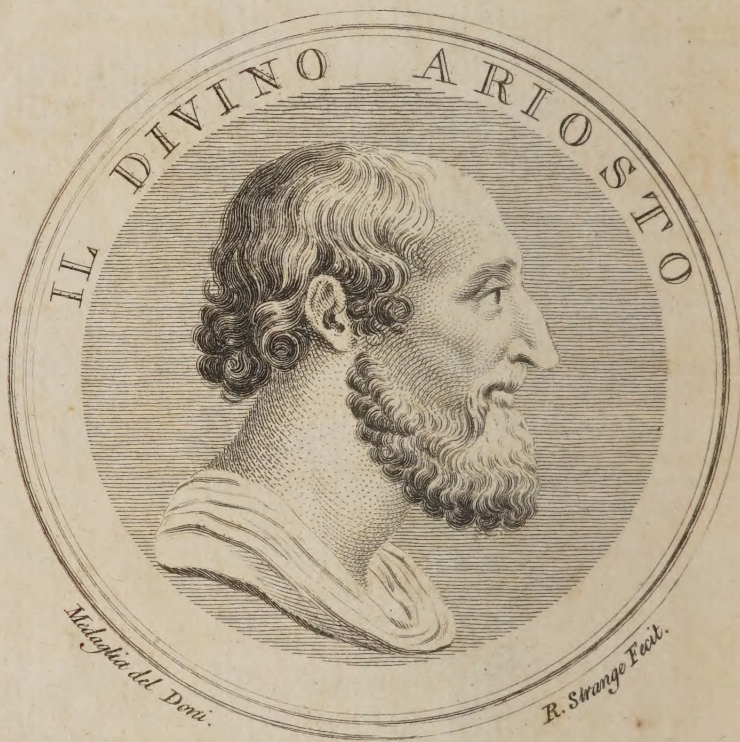


JOHN PEYTO VERNEY,  
*LORD WILLOUGHBY DE BROKE.*









THE  
SATIRES  
OF  
LUDOVICO ARIOSTO.

Munditiæ pepulere. ———grave virus  
HOR.



---

L O N D O N:  
Printed for A. MILLAR in the Strand.  
MDCCLIX.



## ADVERTISEMENT.

**A**S human nature is the same in all ages, and, as Ariosto has been very severe upon the ingratitude and insincerity of the Court of Rome, it is far from impossible to wrest many of the characters in the subsequent Satires, so as to make them appear to be calculated for our Meridian.

But it is hoped, the Translators of this book may escape the misrepresentations of malice, when it is known, that most of these Satires, indeed all but the second and last, were finished many years ago; long before those characters came upon the stage of life, which they have been supposed to aim at.

In

## ADVERTISEMENT.

In many parts of this work, there are noble panegyricks upon real good qualities; and it may be justly said to the honour of England, that there are not wanting persons, to whom those praises may be applied with the greatest propriety: in one part of the second Satire there is an happy, and celebrated Pair, who can no more escape the publick view, than they do, their respect and esteem.

The Satires of antiquity have been translated in widely-different methods: One, too literal; the Other, too diffuse and paraphratical: the first of these methods cannot be sufficiently interesting to the Reader; the second too frequently degenerates into private invectives, and is a downright libel, set off with the tricksey accomplishments of a jingling measure and a sounding name.

Through-

## ADVERTISEMENT.

Throughout this translation, the middle path is happily preserved. The Original particularises persons, and lashes them by name : That censure is now expressed in general terms, and pointed at their vices without exposing their persons. It would be cruel, as well as uninteresting to disturb their ashes ; and it would be foolish as well as presumptuous to modernize the stories and substitute any partial or fancied resemblance.

The liberty of the Press, which too often degenerates into licentiousness, makes it a necessary piece of justice to ourselves, to disclaim what was never intended, and to assure the publick, that benevolence, not malice, was the motive of this publication. The profits of the work are appropriated to the purposes of humanity ; and it is some additional satisfaction to say, that if vice is harshly  
treated,

## ADVERTISEMENT.

treated, and suffers severely, it is, in more than one sense, for the support of virtue.

Ariosto was a keen Satirist, but that peculiar delicacy of expression, that agreeable and elegant art of softening his censures, and concluding with praise of the worthy, takes off the rancour, and is so pleasing, that he must be excused: Even the Ladies will excuse his whole sixth Satire, if they read the eight last lines of the 120th page; and the Gentlemen, who act upon the valuable principles there laid down, will ensure happiness to themselves by bestowing it, where it is so richly deserved: Were there a thought injurious to Virtue, or to that Fairest Part of the creation, whose cause is the cause of virtue, the Satires should have lain in oblivion; but it is hoped, that they contain, what will not only amuse the fancy, but direct the judgment, and amend the heart.

T. H. C.

THE  
L I F E  
OF  
LUDOVICO ARIOSTO,  
A NOBLEMAN of FERRARA.

**T**HE necessity of prefixing the life of ARIOSTO to his Satires must be my excuse, if I should fail of doing justice to the extraordinary merits of this truly great man.

Should I consider him only as a poet, tho' I agreed with the most eminent criticks in giving him the superiority over all the moderns, I should omit the noblest and most amiable parts of his character. In whatever point of light we view him, we discover evident marks of the goodness of his heart, the quickness of his wit, and solidity of his understanding: But—to his history. He descended from an ancient and genteel family in Bologna, which to this day is one of the most considerable in that city. His father Nicolas Ariosto was Count and Cavalier under Duke Borso, and Majordomo to Hercules, Duke of Ferrara; for whom he had gone several times in quality of Ambassador to the Pope, the Emperor,  
B and

and the French King; and on his return was made governor of Modena and Reggio, from which last place he married Daria, of the Malegucci family, one of the noblest in Reggio, by whom he had ten children; five boys, Lewis, born (*a*) in the fortress of Reggio, Gabriel, Galasso, Charles, Alexander; and five girls.

Lewis Ariosto, whose life is our present subject, gave early proofs of his genius, in writing the fable of *Thïsbe*, and acting it with his brothers: but his father, startled perhaps at the unfortunate effects of poetic talents in the (*b*) affairs of this world, and wisely preferring his advancement in life to his fame however glorious after death, thought to have this favourite eldest son cured of the infectious disease, by directing him to the more profitable study of the Law. In this employment, so contrary to the bent of his genius, he consumed five years; when the poetic flame, tho' so long stifled, burst out again in other productions, and engaged him in those studies, which were most likely to feed and improve it. His father, unable to oppose the torrent, gave way to it, and indulged his son with having the genteelest scholar of those times, Gregorio da Spoleti, for his preceptor. The rapid progress of improvement,

(*a*) Anno Domini 1474.

(*b*) Experience tells us, that what Claudian says of luxury is equally applicable to poetry,

*cui semper adhaerens  
Infelix humili gressu comitatur egestas.*

which

LUDOVICO ARIOSTO. 3

which he made under this ingenious director, during his short (c) stay with him, shewed itself very remarkably in his various imitations of the antients; where one may see with what taste and discernment he read them, and how deeply he entered into those more refined and delicate beauties, which escape the generality of classic students. His father, one day, reproving him very severely for some fault, which he had not committed, he remained silent and in a manner stupified with attention: When his father left the room, his brother Gabriel asked him why he did not undeceive him, by that means escape his resentment, and put an end to his reproof: He answered, that he wanted an angry father's part in a comedy, that his father's discourse seemed to suit with his intention, and that, thinking of the fiction, he had totally forgot the reality. When he was near twenty, his father died (d) and left him embarrassed with business and the care of the family, which he discharged with the greatest tenderness, affection and prudence (e). Soon after this (f) he became an intimate of Cardinal Hippolito da Este, in whose service he was, when Julius II. was created Pope (g). Upon the death of (h) Hercules Duke of Ferrara, the Cardinal,

(c) Sat. vii.

(d) Ann. Dom. 1494.

(e) Sat. i. lin. 230 to 251.

(f) Ann. Dom. 1502.

(g) Ann. Dom. 1503.

(h) Ann. Dom. 1505.

#### 4 THE LIFE OF

conscious of his abilities, recommended him to his brother Alfonso, now Duke of Ferrara, and they both employed him in their most important and secret transactions. In their court he began that glorious poem, the ORLANDO FURIOSO, to compliment his patrons by celebrating the house of Este, from whence they sprung. Cardinal Bembo, perhaps on the sight of some of his elegant Latin performances, advised him to write in that language; but he replied, He had rather be the first Italian poet, than perhaps scarce the second Latin one. He pursued his own plan accordingly, notwithstanding the hindrances he met with in his own affairs, and those of his patrons; by the faithful and successful discharge of which, he got so much into their confidence, that upon a rupture between the Pope and Duke, Alfonso chose him for his Ambassador to that angry (*i*) potentate. His eloquence wrought so upon the Pope, that he extorted his promise to set all things on an amicable footing. This was much better news than Alfonso expected; but Julius, who was never happy except in the midst of war and slaughter, soon broke his word and attacked the Duke's territories anew. In the course of this war Ariosto signalized himself by seizing a stout ship, full of men and ammunition: His patron also, Alfonso, distinguished himself so greatly in the battle of Ravenna, which was won against

(*i*) Ann. Dom. 1510.

the Papal forces, that Julius was highly exasperated, and determined his ruin. The Duke wanted to appease him, and Ariosto was again pitched upon for his (*k*) Ambassador. Tho' he was no stranger to the Pope's inveteracy, the love of his country prompted him to despise all dangers: He accordingly set out for Rome, from whence the Pope was retired to a Villa hard by. He went to him; but quickly perceived he (*l*) was not likely to meet with such treatment, as the sacred character of an Ambassador might justly demand. The Pope was too well acquainted with his abilities, to let him willingly get off clear: the destruction of such a man as Ariosto, seemed, in his opinion, the most probable step towards the ruin of the Ferrarese party; and possibly we might have lost the finest poem in the world, had it not been for the assistance of his friends the Cardinals, who were most of them, his intimates, all of them, his admirers. Upon his return he sat down to his ORLANDO FURIOSO, and printed off some few copies for his friends, that he might enrich his poem with their sentiments, and amend it by their strictures. These he afterwards called in, and published a correct copy with the addition of six cantos (*m*) seventeen years after the first impression. So that the ORLANDO FU-

(*k*) Ann. Dom. 1512.

(*l*) Ann. Dom. 1515.

(*m*) Ann. Dom. 1532.

RIOSTO was twenty seven years in hand ; which, when we consider the excellence and length of the work, must be allowed to be nobly as well as delightfully bestowed ; and had he not been perplexed with his own family-affairs, and interrupted by numberless avocations from his patrons, we should perhaps have found more art, than Virgil's, as well as we do more fire than Homer's, in his poem : but Ariosto was too trusty a servant to be permitted to retire to his own studies, too agreeable a companion to be made independent ; and his patron (n) Hippolito could not or would not distinguish the man of true merit and real services from the impudent pretender to the one and boaster of the other : for when he went to keep his court at (o) Buda in Hungary, upon Ariosto's alledging his reasons why he could not accompany him, he slighted his excuses and totally discarded him ; which was but an indifferent recompence for fifteen years consumed in his service. He did still worse : for when the Divine Ariosto presented his Poem to him, he said, *Dove, Diavolo, Messer Ludovico, avete pigliate tante coglionerie?* which, in the eye of all true criticks, will ever be as great an impeachment of his understanding and judgment, as his discarding him was of his gratitude and honour. Ariosto had contracted an intimacy with John de Medici, who

(n) Sat. i. lin. 114 to 123.

(o) Ann. Dom. 1518.

was taken prisoner by Alfonso at the battle of Ravenna. John was now Pope, by the name of Leo X. which induced Ariosto to visit Rome, where his brother Galasso was at that time (*p*). Leo, tho' so extravagantly fond of his works, as to publish a \* bull in favour of his grand Poem, and denounce excommunication against those, who should disapprove of it, or rob him of his profits, was yet ungrateful, or heedless enough to neglect him, and let him return without the least dignity or preferment (*q*). This may seem extraordinary; but the attachment of the Popes to their ill-founded claim of usurping Prince's dominions, and Ariosto's having been so instrumental in frustrating their designs of this sort on the Duchy of Ferrara, will account for private friendship's being swallowed up by publick ambition.

Cardinal Hippolito did not long enjoy his Hungarian possessions: He died in less than two years: Alfonso, who probably before that incident was fearful of offending his brother and a Cardinal, no sooner heard of it, than he sent for Ariosto to his court (*r*). Here he seemed to enjoy himself, and contributed to his Patron's happiness by his agreeable company and conversa-

(*p*) Ann. Dom. 1519.

\* Histoire des Papes, tom. 4. p. 419.

(*q*) Sat. v. lin. 61. to 86.

(*r*) Ann. Dom. 1520.

tion for about two years, but at the end of that time was pushed forth into a turbulent and difficult scene of action. Pope Leo being succeeded by Adrian VI. who was of a pacific disposition, and had the goodness to restore Alfonso's own dominions to him, which in the Popes of those days was no small pitch of generosity, Ariosto was (*s*) sent by the Duke, as governor of the Garfagnana (*t*), that by his prudent management he might secure the affection of that savage and rebellious people, which he happily effected. I cannot help inserting what happened to Ariosto while governor of Garfagnana. Being of a contemplative humour, and insensibly straying, farther than he ought, in an absent mood, he was on a sudden surrounded by the banditti, who infested those parts. On their examining him, and finding he was Ariosto, they were so far from robbing or offering him the least insult, that they showed him the highest marks of respect, sung several parts of his own Poem to him, and reconducted him safe to his fortress. Strange witchcraft of his poetry, which could affect minds so abandoned as theirs! But being forced to punish some

(*s*) Ann. Dom. 1522.

(*t*) Garfagnana, (from Caferoniana, from Feronia, Goddess of the woods, who had a temple near Pietrasanta) is all the hilly country between that place and the city of Lucca, the capital of which is called Castelnovo, and is at present under the Duke of Modena.

offend-

offenders in order to preserve the dignity of his office, and punishing, however justly, being so contrary to the mildness of his disposition, he (*u*) complained, and was (*w*) recalled. In gratitude for which, he wrote several Comedies to divert his noble patron, and had the satisfaction of having a grand theatre, of which he himself was the architect, built at the Duke's expence. The Duke's own son spoke the prologue to the first play acted in it, and the characters were performed by gentlemen. This seemed to be the happiest time of his life. Carested by every person who knew him, his merit acknowledged by all the greatest men of his age; his patron indulging him and reflecting honour on himself by what he bestowed on him, fortune now seemed to make up for her former cruelties; and nine years of happiness were gloriously compleated by the Emperor Charles V. presenting a (*x*) laurel crown to him, and crowning him with his own hand. Soon after this the ducal palace and theatre took fire, burnt for three whole days, and all those magnificent edifices were totally consumed. He fell ill on the very (*y*) night of the fire's beginning, languished for about six months, and died (*z*) as much regretted, as he had lived esteemed. He was according to his own order,

(*u*) Sat. v. lin. 183 to 187.

(*w*) Ann. Dom. 1523.

(*x*) Ann. Dom. 1532.

(*y*) Ann. Dom. 1532.

(*z*) Ann. Dom. 1533.

interred in a private manner in the old church of St. Benedict in Ferrara, and the monks paid him the honour of attending his funeral, which, by how much the more unusual, was so much the greater compliment. About four years after, Agostino Mosti, a youth, who had studied under him in poetry, built him an handsome tomb in the new church of the Benedictines, in the chapel at the right hand of the great altar, and removed his bones with his own hands; but in the year 1612, a new and abundantly more magnificent tomb \* was built in the chapel at the left hand of the same altar by his grandson Lewis, who again removed his ashes, where they are at

\* This tomb is of black, white, and red marble, adorned with columns and statues: His bust of white marble, crowned with laurel, and supported by a Cherub. Underneath is this inscription,

LUDOVICO ARIOSTO, Ter illi Max. atque ore  
omnium celebr. Vati; a Carolo V. Cæsare coronato:  
Nobilitate generis, atque animi claro: In Rebuspub. ad-  
ministrandis, in regendis populis, in gravissimis ad sum-  
mos pontif. legationibus, prudentiâ, consilio, eloquen-  
tiâ, consuli præstantissimo: *Lud. Ariostus* Pronepos,  
nè quid domesticæ pietatis ad tanti viri gloriam cumu-  
landam defuisse videri possit, magno patruo, cujus ossa  
hic verè condita sunt, P. C. Anno salutis, 1612. *Vixit*  
*Annis, 59. Obiit Anno salutis, 1533. VIII. Idus Ju-*  
*nii.*

Notus et *Hesperis* jacet hic ARIOSTUS, et *Indis*,  
Cui musa æternum nomen *Hetrusca* dedit.  
Seu SATYRAM in vitia exacuit, seu cômica ludit,  
Seu cecinit grandi bella, ducesque tubâ,  
Ter summus Vates, cui docti in vertice Pindi  
Tergeminâ licuit cingere fronde comas.

this

this time. I have omitted mentioning Ariosto's two sons, John Baptist and Virginus, the former of which applied himself to the study of war, the latter to that of letters, in which he made a great proficiency, and retired to his father's house, in a street of Ferrara, called Mirasole, on which there were these words, so lately as 1741, supposed to be wrote by him in honour of his father's memory; *Domus hæc Ariosta propitius habeat Deos, ut olim Pindarica*: I have, I say, omitted mentioning his sons, because they were said to be illegitimate; but I cannot help thinking with an ingenious Italian (*a*), that he really was married, tho' he could not own it, for fear of losing some small revenues, which he possessed, arising from the church. A man of his delicacy would never have applied to Cardinal Bembo, to provide a private tutor for his son, had that son been illegitimate; and his strictness in every other point of morality is at least a presumptive proof, that he did not fail in this. He was the most dutiful and tenderest of sons (*b*); the kindest of brothers in providing for the numerous family, four brothers and five sisters (*c*), who were left wholly depending on his goodness and generosity; the faithfullest and most indefatigable of friends, the best of neighbours (*d*), and the mildest of govern-

(*a*) Fornath. (*b*) Sat. i. lin. 243.

(*c*) Sat. i. lin. 244.

(*d*) Sat. i. lin. 219.

ors. (e). His abilities, as a poet, were never questioned: He was confessedly the greatest that Italy ever produced; but this point I shall not insist on. I shall now leave my reader to judge, whether he deserves the name of the *Italian Horace* for his satires, which are of the epistolary \* kind, and into the translation of which his very spirit seems to be transfused. I beg the reader not to be startled: Those of the Reverend Mr. H-rt-n only are included in this panegyric; and it is humbly hoped, that their merit may prevail on the publick to excuse the defects † of the second and last, which were *done into English* by me, that they might have the satisfaction of seeing the whole set: What I have done, I did for the sake

(e) Sat. v. lin. 139.

\* Perhaps it would scarce be foreign to my subject, should I take this opportunity of entering the lists in favour of the *Epistolary Satire*. I am sensible what great names I have against me; that Trap in his *Prælectiones Poeticæ*, prefers the severer manner of Juvenal; that Dr. Young's *Universal Passion* has biased the English Criticks by it's beauties to think another method incapable of the same degree of perfection: but, *pace tanti viri dixerim*, I think, had he omitted, at least, one line in his Satire upon women, he would have been no less glorious, and have conformed to that genteeler method, which Ariosto has followed, and Horace commends and practises; his own stile agreeing with what he has said in his polite epistle to Augustus; Satire growing on to perfection, at length.

~~grave virus~~  
Munditiæ pepulere.

† This Life and the notes are desired to be included in the same request.

of

of those, which that gentleman generously gave me, as a reward for my boldness in ushering Ariosto's greater poem of Orlando Furioso to the light. The translations of that work and this are different; that literal, this diffuse: That has been complained of, as being stiff: Whoever will lay themselves under the same restrictions, as the gentleman did, for whom I translated a considerable part *thereof*, and to which rules I was consequently obliged to confine myself, will find, whether their verses will flow, as smoothly as the present taste requires: And---Whoever will give themselves the trouble of hunting for the C's R's and O's in that voluminous performance, may have the satisfaction of discovering, and, if they please, informing the publick, whether it was really the rules I was tyed to, or the nature of my own pen, which drew that censure upon me. I for my part will kiss the rod of correction; and as that \* was the first, it is more than probable this will be the last time, I shall ever appear as Author, or Editor.

TEMPLE HENRY CROKER.

(\*) I take this opportunity of disclaiming an Anonymous work, which the Publick has honoured me with, I mean, THE OBSERVER OBSERV'D---Containing some harsh truths against the *Observations on the Fairie Queen of Spencer*, by Thomas Wharton, M. A. *Ce n'est pas di mon goust, ni di mon stile.*





THE  
SATIRES  
OF  
LUDOVICO ARIOSTO.



THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO

THE

LIBRARY

OF

THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO

CHICAGO, ILL.

# SATIRE I\*.

TO ALEXANDER ARIOSTO  
AND  
LUDOVICO BAGNO.

**F**AIN would I know, and should, for truth  
depend  
On counsels from a brother and a friend;  
If still the court a thought of me retains,  
If of my absence still my Lord complains,

\* I have placed these Satires in the order they were wrote in point of time; This first satyr was wrote A. D. 1518. immediately upon Cardinal Hippolito's going to his see of Buda in Hungary. By this means we enter into the Author's disposition of mind, when he wrote, and must consequently relish it the better when we read—The original of these satires is wrote in what the Italians call the *Terzetto Rime*; and from Ariosto's excelling in this branch, his was honoured with the title of *Trifulco Fulmine*, the three-forked thunder.

e

If

If some good friend excuses tries to find, 5  
 Why, when the rest set out, I stay'd behind.

O skill'd in flatt'ry all, too well you know,  
 How few to better arts preferment owe!  
 To his complaints each lends his venal tongue,  
 ✓ Pow'r and the purse are never in the wrong: 10  
 Should his good Lordship see the stars at noon,  
 Or thro' the midnight darkness, spy the sun,  
 With reason, or without, commend or blame,  
 The echoing circle just repeats the same;  
 Ev'n the low slave, that dares not fawn aloud, 15  
 With silent flatt'ry joins the supple crowd;  
 Seems to applaud, and courts his master's grace  
 By thrusting forward his consenting face.

And yet, whoever blames me for the rest,  
 My conduct should commend, in this, at least, 20  
 That my refusal spoke plain, honest sense,  
 And scorn'd to sneak behind a vain pretence:  
 I told him many reasons; all were true;  
 And, singly, each had led me to pursue

The

LUDOVICO ARIOSTO. 19

The same resolve; as first, the prudent care 25  
Of life itself, which justly I prefer

To fordid views, nor think I reason wrong,  
If heav'n's best gift I study to prolong.

Should I the climate change, I surely die,  
At least I should—unless physicians lie: 30

I think so too, and think I can foretell,  
Better than all the college—or as well;

For what regards myself, not the whole tribe  
Tho' doubly fee'd, could safer rules prescribe.

I know full well, my nature ill agrees 35

With your long winters, and the polar breeze:  
Could I support, like you, the frost intense,

Less with the heated stove could I dispense;

Of cold or heat averse to both extremes,

To piercing winds or suffocating steams: 40

But most to stoves, to which for months consign'd

The tedious hours must pass me, still confin'd

Whole seasons there, to eat, or drink, or play,

Or sleep, or waking, loiter life away.

Thence if I peep abroad, the mountains near 45  
Drive the chill blast, my tender lungs to tear;

Each night I might expect the stomach's fumes,  
Distilling from the head, condens'd to rheums,  
Sudden would choak the passages of breath,  
And without warning change my sleep to death. 50

Besides with wines, too rich to suit my taste,  
You know the German mode to drench his guest:  
How would my neighbours stare, when I decline  
The brimmer, or mix water with my wine!  
Nay, I should starve, by strictest rules debarr'd  
From food, with any kind of spice prepar'd: 56  
How should I fare; resolve, or not to eat,  
Or dine on pepper half, and half on meat?  
You'll say, perhaps, I'm welcome to retire,  
Whene'er I please, to my own chamber-fire, 60  
Nor need to breathe, within my snug retreat,  
An air with belches sour, or fat with sweat:  
There might I freely eat my simple mess,  
Just as I pleas'd, the cook my meat should dress;  
Ty'd to no rules, enjoy myself alone, 65  
And drink my wine with water mix'd, or none.—  
By your own tempers judge, how ill with mine  
Would suit, all social comforts to resign,

From

From morn to night in solitude to dwell,  
At court, an hermit in a silent cell.

70

Suppose me next, to live apart, content,  
My scanty stock in goods must first be spent;  
Pans, dishes, pipkins, I must first provide;  
A less expence would furnish out a bride:  
Willing for once or twice, would *Pasquin* be 75  
To dress my separate dish and humour me;  
But quickly tir'd, the discontented look  
Too plain would speak the curses of the cook.  
I think the cat'rer too would scarce refuse  
From what his care provides, to let me chuse; 80  
Nay, should I say, my friend, I beg you'd buy  
Food, that more wholesome juices may supply.  
This thing, or that—he'll answer, Aye; but yet,  
For once that he remembers, twice forget;  
Or hopeless to content me, soon forbear 85  
To think my squeamish stomach worth his care.

Mean while, oft balk'd, half-famish'd, ill con-  
tent,  
On my best friends my peevish spleen I vent.

You'll answer, that my man may well provide  
 My little meals, and act the cook beside ; 90  
 Myself direct my dinner ; who more fit,  
 Than I myself, my appetite to hit ?

True ! but our Lord has too much saving sense,  
 To put it in my power to make expence ;  
 My poor attendance has so ill deserv'd, 95  
 It matters not to him, tho' I were starv'd.

Thanks to Apollo, and the sacred Nine,  
 They gave me bays, but never gave—to dine ;  
 For all, my verse has gain'd, I still might bear 99  
 Such clothes, as shame taught Adam first to wear.

If now and then my Lord his rules has broke,  
 And giv'n me wherewithal to buy a cloak ;  
 His lavish bounty here let none accuse,  
 He owns he ne'er bestow'd it on my muse :  
 He owns the truth, and tell me, why should I 105  
 A fact, by long experience known, deny,

Or

Or that I wish, (no more seduc'd by pride)  
The paper on my fruitless verse employ'd,  
Better, tho' homelier uses had supply'd?

His character, suppose, with worthy praise 110  
To latest time th' applauding Muse conveys;  
Wisely he scorns to purchase a good name,  
Or barter present gold, for future fame.

Could I run post, or hurry up and down,  
Attend his train in country and in town, 115  
Close at his side, on water or on land,  
Watch every nod, like spaniel in command,  
To seize the cloak, the cane, the gloves, the hat,  
Ready to help off this, or reach him that;  
Or cool his bottle with distinction nice, 120  
At night in water, and at noon in ice,  
Such offices might merit his regard,  
And from a grateful master gain reward.

My verse has done him honour, he agrees, 124  
What thanks to me? that wrote, myself to please?

Lin. 114, &c. See Note (n) in Ariosto's Life.

Unask'd I chose his praises to rehearse,  
 Who wanted more my service than my verse,  
 And gave me, in return for windy fame,  
 A barren office with a sounding name ;  
 For larger gains the harpy talons grease 130  
 Of lawyer's clerks for expedition-fees :  
 Forc'd ev'n for this, long weary miles to ride,  
 Often to change my horse, and oft my guide,  
 O'er rugged roads to prefs with spur and whip,  
 Or trust my neck to some unwilling leap. 135  
 Take my advice, friend *Maro*, throw thy lyre  
 Into the jakes, with verses light thy fire ;

Lin. 129. *A barren, &c.* Hippolito, as Archbishop of Milan, made Ariosto colleague with the Grand Constable of the Chancellorship of Milan; which he has as justly as satirically characterized in this line.

Lin. 136.—*Friend Maro*—An ingenious poet in the Duke of Ferrara's court, whom he has celebrated in his *ORLANDO FURIOSO*, C. 3. St. 56, where speaking of Hippolito, he says,

*La cui fiorita età vuole il ciel giusto  
 C'abbia un Maron, come un'altro ebbe Augusto.*

TRANSLATION.

And in his blooming age heav'n be inclin'd,  
 He an Augustus shall a Maro find.

Would'st

Would'st thou or bread or kind acceptance earn,  
 The more successful arts prepare to learn:  
 But think how dear must thy preferment cost, 140  
 From the first moment count thy freedom lost;  
 He ventures far too deep for wretched self,  
 That on a cast at hazard stakes himself.

Nay more, in service wer't thou now grown old,  
 Thou and thy Lord, to Nestor's years twice told,  
 Ev'n this poor privilege thou'lt vainly crave, 146  
 To die a freeman, that hast liv'd a slave.  
 Or should it prove, by chance, thy happier lot,  
 With fair consent to slip this Gordian knot,  
 Strip and walk off, content thy skin to save, 150  
 And thank him if he takes but what he gave.

If I must go on drudging to the last,  
 Or give up all rewards for service past,  
 Why let them go, since what I valued best  
 I could not keep, let fortune take the rest: 155  
 Ill could I spare the little I should quit,  
 Yet to this loss can patiently submit;  
 Depriv'd already of my friend's esteem,  
 I count all else for trifles, losing him;

On

On this account have I forbore to pay 160  
 My thankless court since that unhappy day,  
 When, deaf to ev'ry reason I could bring,  
 He wound his pow'r so high, it snap'd the string.

O *Ruggier*, of my song the fav'rite theme,  
 Has it deserv'd indeed so slight esteem? 165  
 With thy descendant must I vainly plead  
 Some merit tow'rds his great forefather dead?

What use am I of now? alike unfit  
 The woodcock's flight, or pheasant's perch to hit:  
 Or why attempt, but to be awkward found, 170  
 To slip the falcon, or to leash the hound?  
 No easy task; for ill my back it suits  
 To fix his Lordship's spurs, or draw his boots.  
 Unskill'd the sleeping appetite to wake,  
 Think what a wretched carver I should make, 175  
 Fit only to have liv'd, when men for food  
 For acorns not for truffles search'd the wood.

Lin. 164. O *Ruggier*, &c. *Ruggier* was the hero  
 of the *Orlando Furioso*, which Ariosto wrote in com-  
 pliment to the house of Este, of which Cardinal Hippo-  
 lito was a branch.

Free

Free as I am, no bills for beef and bread,  
 No clam'rous cooks my studies supersede :  
 Never constrain'd to stir one mile from home 180  
 T' avert th' impending thunderbolts of Rome.

An illness and an age that calls for ease,  
 Bid me decline such services as these ;  
 Let those who thirst for gold, attentive stand  
 Still in his presence, ready for command, 185  
 Except on errands sent, be always near,  
 And watch him, as the keeper does his bear.

Rather than wealth on such-like terms procure,  
 Give me but quiet, Gods ! and leave me poor ;  
 Let no mean cares seduce me to neglect 190  
 Life's noblest use, to read and to reflect.

These teach, in home-spun clothes, with taste  
 refin'd, for behoof !  
 To dine on humble food, but feast the mind ;

Lin. 180. In this couplet how genteely does the Poet slight off the important services he had done for his Patron : one of less delicacy would have enlarged, but Ariosto knew that his very silence in this particular was the severest satyr.

To dare be poor and free, with just disdain  
 To scorn the wretch that drags a willing chain;  
 In proper bounds my wishes to confine, 196  
 Tho' disappointed, never to repine,  
 With silence and contempt, unmov'd, to see  
 The flatt'rer or buffoon prefer'd to me;  
 To eat at common hours, nor fasting wait, 200  
 That other folks may see me dine in state;  
 For pride, convenience never to forego,  
 Or sacrifice a substance to a show.

Now I can stretch my legs and walk at will,  
 Tho' no gay footman lounges at my heel, 205  
 Nor blush to fix, when now and then I ride,  
 Two little bags to my own saddle's side.

Be it a meanness this—'tis far less mean,  
 Undress'd, and unattended, to be seen,  
 Than publickly, in silk and lace to swell;  
 In private, for a bribe my master sell;  
 Better than under-hand foment disputes,  
 And teaze my neighbours with oppressive suits:  
 Till weary with chicane, their peace to buy,  
 On my own terms unwilling they comply. 215  
 For

For this to heav'n I lift my grateful hands,  
 That in my father's house, and father's lands,  
 Without dependence or constraint I live,  
 My honest neighbours chearful can receive ;  
 Far from a court can pass my life in peace, 220  
 Use no low arts my substance to encrease.  
 Unpity'd and unenvy'd take my lot,  
 Nor blush for what I want, or what I got.

But that my tale no farther may proceed, 224  
 To tire out him that writes, and those that read,  
 I'm griev'd, this journey that I could not take,  
 Not for my own, but for my master's sake ;  
 If this suffice not ; know, that I have yet  
 Reasons in store to crowd a second sheet.

On my support our family depends ; 230  
 Shall the rest sink to serve my private ends ?  
 Of five, two brothers only left at home,  
 The other three in search of fortune roam,

Lin. 219. See Note (d) in Ariosto's Life.

Lin. 230, &c. See Note (e) in Ariosto's Life.

Dis-

Disperst, as chance has led them, here and there,  
 At Naples, Rome, and Buda, God knows where !  
 Since all the business rests on me alone, 236  
 In point of use, the two may count for one :  
 You know poor *Gabriel*, lame of hands and feet,  
 Confin'd to passive life, to sleep and eat,  
 Such from his childhood,--where can I expect, 240  
 He should have learn'd experience to direct !  
 Since publick places are the proper school  
 To qualify a man for private rule.

One sister still, a fifth, remains to share,  
 The other four dispos'd, a brother's care ; 245  
 She must be settled too, and who shall raise  
 The portion, except I contrive the ways ?

Lin. 235. *At Naples, Rome, and Buda.* His brother Charles at Naples, where he died, regretted by those who knew and admired him for his military talents. His brother Galassio, at Rome, a churchman and courtier. His brother Alexander at Buda, with Cardinal Hippolito.

Lin. 244. See Note (c) in Ariosto's Life.

Our mother, worn with age and cares, to quit,  
Will tenderness and decency permit!  
No child to comfort, when in pangs she lies, 250  
When she expires, no child to close her eyes!

The first of ten am I, and now grown old,  
For winters four, and four times ten, I've told,  
From some years backwards my decline can date,  
Since first my night-cap cover'd a bald pate. 255  
The little rest of life, I'd gladly save,  
And disengag'd move gently towards my grave,  
While you, the product of a later womb,  
Have eighteen years of folly yet to come.

The stage, a weary actor, I resign, 260  
To you bequeath the part, which once was mine;  
Be yours the care, a wayward Lord to please,  
And sell, for airy prospects, solid ease;  
Wait, travel, fetch and carry, fawn for hire,  
And—be refus'd permission to retire: 265  
Serve him for both, that he content may be  
To lose a less obsequious slave in me.

Lin. 248. &c. See Note (b) in Ariosto's Life.

Ev'n

Ev'n I, tho' too far urg'd, would gladly yet  
 For former kindness satisfy my debt;  
 Let him but leave me here, and still command 270  
 The service of my pen and trembling hand;  
 Would he accept my song without disdain,  
 I'd sound his praise, in so sublime a strain,  
 Ne'er soar'd so high nor utter'd sweeter note,  
 The lark, with rising wings, and warbling throat.

Could I be here or hereabouts of use, 276  
 Tell him I scorn to study for excuse,  
 But that the Po and Danube flow so wide  
 My weary legs refuse t' attempt the stride.  
 Yet could I fifteen years of life recall, 280  
 Fifteen long years consum'd in service all,  
 With pleasure would I still his steps attend,  
 A faithful servant and an humble friend.  
 But if he thinks his twenty pounds a-year,  
 Ill paid, disputed often, seldom clear, 285

Lin. 272. *Would be, &c.*] This seems to allude to  
 that *Dove*, *Diavolo*, &c. which Ariosto could not be  
 insensible to; and which argued a lightness in his  
 Patron, that was incapable of relishing those beauties,  
 which the sensible part of the learned world were en-  
 amoured with.

Has chain'd me down, that I must still submit  
 To treatment for my age and rank unfit,  
 With heats and colds a tender health impair,  
 Expose my life to breathe corrupted air,  
 Subjects, beneath an haughty master's care ! 290  
 Tell him, and tell him plain, in terms concise,  
 I think my freedom worth a better price ;  
 Tell him, he rates his scanty alms too high,  
 If seeming to reward, he meant to buy.

Once on a time, an ass with fasting thin, 295  
 His bones but barely cover'd with the skin,  
 Thro' a crack'd wall, a passage far from wide,  
 To rob a stack of corn, found means to slide.  
 When once got in, he play'd his part so well,  
 He neither lost his time nor balk'd his meal : 300  
 Glutt'd at length, he thinks of a retreat,  
 Hence came the proverb, Asses think too late ;  
 For lo ! the wide-stretch'd belly stopp'd his way,  
 The reck'ning for the feast the bones must pay.  
 At last a mouse, that pity'd his disgrace, 305  
 Taught him the only means to quit the place,  
 Quick to disgorge the corn, or wait th' escape,  
 Till regularly starv'd to former shape.

So, to conclude—if my good Lord has thought  
 The service he has had too dearly bought, 310  
 That now both parties satisfy'd may be,  
 Let him take back his bribe, and leave me free.

H——N.

Lin. 310. Ariosto in this Satire seems to establish a point of doctrine, which at first sight may appear somewhat extraordinary, namely, that it is possible for a superior to be ungrateful to his inferior. And indeed the neglect shewn him, and the very pitiful reward bestowed on his important services, by his Patron, bear very hard upon that nobleman's gratitude and generosity. Such were the corrupted manners of the centuries before us!

SATIRE II\*.

TO GALASSO ARIOSTO.

SInce I am dragg'd by cruel fate to Rome,  
 Against my eager wish to rest at home;  
 Since I must see the gloating Cardinals  
 Glitter, like serpents, in their new-got scales;  
 Now that the damps less dangerous arise, 5  
 Tho' a worse plague poor mortals terrifies,  
 The Law—slow-winding her Ixion-wheel,  
 Whence living souls the pangs of damn'd ones feel;

\* This satire was wrote A. D. 1519. (Galasso being still at Rome; from whence he went to Germany, to the Emperor at Ingolstadt, as Envoy for the Duke of Ferrara, and dyed there.)

Lin. 4. *New-got scales.* In the beginning of Advent and Lent, the Cardinals put off the *rosso*, scarlet, and wear the *violaceo*, violet-coloured dress. This must be Lent, from the damps being dispersed, which arose from the overflowing of the Tiber in winter.

Lin. 5, 6, 7, 8. A curious periphrasis of saying, It was Term time.

*Galasso*, near that venerable pile,  
 Whose patron faint, in military style, 10  
 Unlike the constant meekness of his Lord,  
 Made *Malco* feel his unrelenting sword,  
 A proper lodging for four beasts provide,  
 Two, that are ridden, and two more that ride;  
 My own old batter'd mare, a scurvy mule, 15  
 My lackey *John*, as stubborn to the full,  
 And I, as much worn out, you'll add, perhaps, }  
 as dull.

Let my apartment tho' not large, be neat,  
 Chimney, or window, prythee, don't forget  
 I love warm fires, good light, that I may read, 20  
 Tho' not to climb six stories to my bed:  
 Nor think my quadrupeds below your care,  
 Sweet hay, and other requisites prepare;  
 After their journey 'twere not over-good  
 To let them gnaw their manger 'stead of food. 25

Lin. 9, 10. St. Peter's church, whose Patron Saint  
 Ariosto seems to censure for cutting off the High Priest's  
 servant's ear.

See

See that my Landlord for my bed provide  
A soft, warm mattrafs; that my wearied side  
May not thro' pain deprive me of my rest,  
Nor he at night be waken'd by his guest.

Lay in wood-fuel, long since cut and dry, 30  
And my plain taste let a plain cook supply;  
One, who will dress, not spoil my little bit,  
Not one, who can inflame the appetite,  
With various sauces raise it, tho' 'twere dead,  
And make the full-gorg'd glutton rear his head. 35  
Let Sir *Verrano*, born to cram his gut,  
Up to the ears grease his devouring snout,  
Perplex and interrupt his cook; and fret  
Himself for want of appetite, not meat.  
Let our new chamberlain, whose noble race 40  
Hold Adam's trade, of digging, no disgrace,  
Proud of his post, hire some ingenious cook  
To sweat o'er spits, and blacken in the smok

Lin. 40. The indignation Ariosto mentions this person with, arises from his being exalted to this post from that of a footman, probably currying favour by the meannesses censured, Sat. 1. lin. 170.

Or peep in cauldrons, with important care,  
 Extracting ev'ry relish buried there; 45  
 Our chamberlain, whose never-failing feast  
 Was rusty bacon with white cabbage drest;  
 Yet now can tell you, proud of seeming nice,  
 That fowl was fed on barley, this on rice;  
 Unless variety and art conspire, 50  
 My taste—united delicacies tire.

Since you, *Galaffo*, by experience know,  
 I my whole health to moderation owe,  
 Water from river, not from spring, provide,  
 And keep it some days banish'd from its tide; 55  
 Thus purify'd, I'll drink it quite alone,  
 For, as to wine, I care not, if I've none;  
 Or if I chuse to mix it, at my will,  
 From the next tavern Jack may fetch a jill:  
 Ev'n the low wines, our marshy grounds produce,  
 Unmix'd with water, suit not for my use, 60

Lin. 54. The descent of the snows made the Tiber too muddy to be drinkable, till it had stood a considerable time.

But

But rheums distill, and hoarsenesses succeed,  
 And pestilential vapours rack my head ;  
 Judge then of those, which grow on burning rocks,  
 Where *Sal* their whole imprison'd force unlocks ; 65  
 They in one single night would stop my breath ;  
 Pistol or poison were not surer death.

Close in his study shut, our guzzling priest  
 O'er these indulgent hovers, while distressed,  
 His hungry congregation waits in vain, 70  
 Wishing, he'd come, the gospel to explain,  
 Begin, or rather end his dull, tho' noisy strain.  
 At last he comes, deep-crimson'd-o'er his face,  
 A certain token of unletter'd grace ;  
 He mounts, the pulpit crackles with his weight, 75  
 His awful eye-brows the most distant threat ;  
 Against his brethren he exclaims aloud,  
 That they are too luxurious in their food,  
 In taverns, more than churches, take delight,  
 Feast o'er fat capons, quaff the live-long night ; 80  
 While, could you rummage his own private cell,  
 No Noble's larder e'er was stuff'd so well.

Let me have books, those moments to beguile,  
 When the rich prelate, in his haughty style,  
 Roars to his Porter—Here, let who will come, 85  
 Be sure you tell them, I am not at home :  
 So monks, carousing at their fav'rite meals,  
 Silence the interrupting found of bells :  
 Sir, should I say, for Sir's the proper word  
 Ev'n at a cobbler's stall, or taylor's board, 90  
 Good Sir, tho' to a tatter'd Swift, I pray,  
 May I not see his eminence to day.  
*No sproka to my Maister bater goud,*  
*You go your lodge, come as when you could.*  
 Sir, be so kind at least, to let him know, 95  
 That *Lewis Ariosto* is below.  
 He answers, that his Rev'ence would not see  
 St. Paul himself, tho' on an embassy :  
 And answers right ; for if, as does my thought,  
 My eyes could penetrate the guilty spot, 100

Lin. 93, 94. The Swift in England answers to the Spaniard in Italy, they being generally the low sort of porters at the doors of the great. In the original, Ariosto inserts bad spanish which I take the liberty of making Swift-English, and almost literally what I had the mortification of hearing some time ago.

Such

Such wickedness would open to my sight,  
 I need not be surpris'd, it shun'd the light:  
 Then to their darling sins let them retire,  
 And I revisit my own guiltless fire;  
 There of sage books the sage advice observe, 105  
 My innocence and poverty preserve,  
 Nor care, what wretches gain the honours, I }  
 deserve.

Methinks you ask—What brings you then to  
 Rome?

Why praise, and yet desert your native home?  
 'Tis to obtain more strict authority, 110  
 Make stubborn *Milan* with my fees comply,  
 And punish the ingrate, who my small dues }  
 deny.

Besides, if the old Priest before me dies,  
 Pick up St. Agate's wealthy benefice.  
 Shall I then fall into the very noose, 115  
 Which Satan, as I've said, prepares for those,  
 The loaves and fishes only who regard,  
 Nor look, beyond the income, for reward?

Be quiet, friend ! it ne'er was my design  
 To keep it to myself, but to resign 120  
 To some one wise and learn'd, nay pious too,  
 If Rome's whole priesthood such a man can shew ;  
 Let him take care, his manners it don't spoil ;  
 The curate good oft proves a rector vile :  
 No pageantry of garb shall me seduce, 125  
 To take the office, and the charge abuse ;  
 And as no dress, so neither ring, think I,  
 Shall e'er beguile me of my liberty :  
 If priest, all hopes must vanish of a wife ;  
 If married, then adieu the cloister'd life ; 130  
 Now, as I know, how fickle is and vain  
 Each my resolve, how galling ev'ry chain,  
 Why should I e'er that Gordian knot pursue,  
 Which no repenting struggles can undo ?

Yet still you ask--Why then such favours crave,  
 For other's profit why are you the slave ? 136  
 The worst of slaves ! for tho' the mitred Great  
 All their inferior's services forget,  
 Let them but once accept the smallest post,  
 And ever after count their freedom lost. 140  
 Would you, my brother, then, I should prefer  
 The lazy comfort of my easy chair,

And

And tho' my threshold was by fortune prest,  
 Ne'er rise to hail the ever-welcome guest?  
 Such indolence might well deserve your frown, 145  
 So gross a fault ev'n I should blush to own.

You know, when ill the good old pastor lay,  
 What greedy crouds sat watching o'er their prey;  
 When half the messengers that came of course  
 To ask if he was better, wish'd him worse: 150  
 He knew it too; and when recover'd, fear'd,  
 Poison might kill, tho' the distemper spar'd:  
 Stung with this thought, he offer'd to resign  
 His benefice, if I'd secure it mine:  
 I calmly answer'd, that I must refuse, 155  
 But wish'd, he'd you or Alexander choose:  
 He rightly judg'd, tho' I disdain'd the pelf,  
 His other friends might prove too like himself,  
 For he the church's profits still desir'd,  
 Tho' from the empty honour he retir'd. 160

Lin. 147. The original here being crabbed and unintelligible to those, who are not versed in the law-terms of the court of Rome, as *reversions*, *renunciations*, &c. I have made bold to alter the plan, yet not without strictly adhering to the satiric intention of Ariosto.

Num-

Numbers have thought me very much to blame  
 In this refusal ; In one sense I am :  
 Were on preferment's ladder thus my foot,  
 Who knows what height I presently had got ?  
 The poorest, meanest abjects up this path 165  
 Have travell'd till they've left ev'n kings beneath,  
 And been ador'd, without the least pretence  
 To goodness, wisdom, learning, common sense.

Is there a man from vice and folly free ?  
 If so, let him stand forth, and censure me 170  
 For owning, I Rome's richest gifts despise,  
 If liberty must be the sacrifice :  
 Say what avails to sit supreme at board,  
 Be styl'd your honour, rev'rence, or my lord ?

Lin. 161. From this to lin. 316. is perhaps the severest piece of satire, that could be wrote against the whole court of Rome ; and indeed if we look into history, we shall find, that that, wherever impartial, will sufficiently authorize this proceeding. The reigns (to speak in the language of the translator of the best and most impartial papal history extant) of Alexander VI. and Julius II. who lived in Ariosto's time, clearly evince this—See *Hist. des Papes*. tom. IV.

Ask the more happy carver ; he can tell, 175  
 The middle guest, nay lowest, dines as well ;  
 Nor will consolidated mitres make  
 The heart less heavy, head less apt to ake.

Some idly proud and insolently vain,  
 Place all their blifs in their large sweeping train ;  
 Slow and unwieldy move with pompous glare, 181  
 Infest the streets and make the vulgar stare :  
 This I, rebuke my folly they who please,  
 Have ever thought, nay, call'd mock happiness ;  
 And said---For true content in smoaky Rome 185  
 My Lord is far inferior to his groom :  
 No higher object in his breast resides,  
 Than being ready, if his master rides ;  
 That over once, he's free the live-long day,  
 To pass, as best he likes, the hours away : 190  
 No greater anguish does his bosom feel,  
 Than lest he miss the comfortable bell ;  
 Lest, if too far his wandring footsteps rove,  
 He lose his dinner, to indulge his love :

Lin. 177. This is apparently aimed at his ungrateful patron Cardinal Hippolito, who was Archbishop of Strigonia, Milan, Modena, Buda on the Danube and other churches.

He

6 THE SATIRES OF

He, where he will may steer his heedless course,  
 Trudge it on foot, or take his master's horse; 196  
 Alone or not, he still has his excuse,  
 This horse lacks one, that a new set of shoes;  
 Combin'd with blacksmiths, at his Lord may sneer,  
 Who pays for work what they drink out in beer;  
 May walk in frock or waistcoat up and down, 201  
 Or strut in full-drest liv'ry thro' the town:  
 While his poor Lord, the poorer of the two,  
 Lessens his income to increase his show,  
 Proud to assume the decorated hat, 205  
 Tho' cares attend and growing charges threat.

Go now, congratulate his eminence  
 On his more num'rous train, a wild expence!  
 Console him, that perhaps, in two years space,  
 He may discharge the purchase of his place; 210  
 But blab not, what he from himself conceals,  
 That his old debts close follow at his heels;  
 That now, two terms past by, the third's approach  
 Threats, if he stirs, to seize his forfeit coach:

Lin. 205. The Cardinal's hat is here meant, which  
 was beautifully adorned with green. Each Cardinal is  
 stiled *His Eminence*.

Un-

LUDOVICO ARIOSTO. 47

Untouch'd Evangelists his table deck, 215  
 His study, tho' in vain, is how to check  
 His goings out, his incomes to increase,  
 And drive within an hair's breadth of distress.

Hark ! he is summon'd by St. Peter's bell :  
 Are all his Lordship's servants there ? 'tis well :  
 For should the least of his retinue fail, 221  
 His pompous house becomes his doleful jail ;  
 Nor dare he more step forth into the streets  
 Than the poor poet, overwhelm'd with debts, }  
 Who in his lonely cell, for fear of bailiff, sweats : }  
 Then, vanity, for one whole day---adieu ! 226  
 And, avarice, do thou arise in lieu :  
 His Lordship's nags, their costly trappings off,  
 Stand plying at the quay ; a publick scoff !  
 He works them hard ; for hungry after pelf, 230  
 He'll keep no useless brute---except himself.

There may be one, with snug preferments warm,  
 Whom no crouds teaze, no steward's bills alarm,  
 Who lives at ease, enjoying what is giv'n,  
 And blessing the all-bounteous hand of heav'n : 235  
 Yet

Yet will his happiness for ever last ?  
 Will no rude storm his blooming prospects blast ?  
 Ambition's cank'rous seeds shoot up, and spoil  
 All other plants that deck'd the beauteous soil :  
 He sighs, alas ! and wishes—Could I stand, 240  
 At the Pope's elbow, second in command !  
 Could I that post but to myself secure !  
 It falls : he gets it : now he's happy sure !  
 Ah, by no means : his hopes now higher soar,  
 Scarce patient to be deem'd the successor, 245  
 He in his daily thought and nightly dream,  
 Devotes to ruin what obstructs his scheme,  
 Cursing the very source, whence his own honours  
 stream.

Suppose him Pope : what can he wish for more  
 Than this, the Zenith of despotic power ? 250

Lin. 249. It is not only in his satires that Ariosto is severe upon the Popes. See his *ORLANDO FURIOSO*, canto 34. St. 80. and canto 46. St. 84.—It is whimsical to see a Pope, Leo X, excommunicating those, who do not approve of that very poetry, which condemns the Papal tyranny.

Now

Now from obscurity, above disgrace  
 Starts into light his num'rous bastard race :  
 These must have places; and his anxious mind,  
 Not to the duties of his church confin'd,  
 Must bear this toil : no pious thoughts occur 255  
 To drive the Pagans out, distress the Moor,  
 Begin some war, all Christendom would join,  
 Tho' what they gain'd were settled on his line,  
 His fav'rite line ! that to no distance roam,  
 But reign with savage tyranny at home ; 260  
 Banish the nobles, their estates divide,  
 Or if they kill them, the weak laws deride,  
 The father's power protects the bastard's bloody  
                     pride. }

He, not content with ev'n this barb'rous sway,  
 Invites some foreign force to share the prey ; 265

Lin 262. This literally happened in Ariosto's time. Valentin, son of Alexander VI. killed his own brother and denied publick justice thro' a dependency on his father's power. The nephew, that is, son of Julius II. did the same thing after murdering the Cardinal of Pavia.—See *Hist. des Papes*, tom. IV.

E

Thus

Thus to extinguish many a noble race,  
 That his with easy slide may fill their place;  
 By way of warlike stores, hence issue out  
 Indulgences, Anathemas——what not?  
 No means, howe'er unjust, he fails to try, 270  
 That may his greedy troops with pay supply:  
 If to his aid he Swifts or German calls,  
 That burthen on his wretched subjects falls:  
 Their hireling force must batten and grow fat,  
 The natives scarce have privilege to eat. 275

I've often heard and thought the maxim right,  
 That prelate's purses are, or should be light:  
 Their incomes will not over-much afford  
 For charity, and th' hospitable board;  
 But should some miser mount the Papal throne,  
 Illiterate, with little sense, or none, 281  
 Vile tho' his principles, his conduct base,  
 His heap'd up treasures shield him from disgrace:  
 It hurts not him, that the half-famish'd throng  
 Vent half-heard curses, as he drives along: 285  
 His fav'rite object he pursues: in vain  
 The servants, starving, of their Lord complain:

With

With wealth's increase increases too his hope,  
 Three fourths of his year's income to lay up :  
 His slaves their scanty melfs by weight receive,  
 And bread of fuch an hue, one can't believe, 291 }  
 The corn e'er felt the fan, or pafs'd the cleaning }  
 sieve :

The wine, as good as bread, or meat of courfe,  
 Now on the lees has fuch a pungent force, }  
 'Tis fatal as a fword, or may perhaps be worfe :  
 Or if by chance 'tis good, he ekes it out, 296  
 Paufes and dreads to put the toaft about ;  
 Watches you clofe, and is as much afraid,  
 As if his neck were glafs, to turn his head :  
 Rather than wine, confin'd to fuch a flave, 300  
 Let me, ye Gods, water and freedom have !

Would the two fcanty falary permit  
 The chaplain to appeafe his appetite,

Lin. 296. The original fays—The wine is ropy,  
 and being turned feems afraid of breaking its neck.—  
 This feeming forced, I have fubstituted what is rather  
 a reflection on the mafter of the houfe, than on his  
 cellar.

Ev'n I should think he had small cause of grief,  
 Tho' doom'd to taste no higher fare than beef; 305  
 To bear this much, discretion might have taught,  
 Without the least repining at his lot,  
 In hopes his Lord his favours would bestow,  
 And when himself content, make him so too :  
 Alas ! what idle hopes we entertain ! 310  
 Toil on in service, ev'ry sinew strain,  
 Thro' heat and cold his interest pursue,  
 Yet see old friends neglected for the new :  
 Happy, if after each repeated proof 314 }  
 Of honesty, he thinks you've done enough }  
 To merit the protection of his haughty roof.

*Corvino*, curate of a certain vill,  
 Had seen strange turns in life of good and ill ;  
 Ere yet distress could touch his infant mind,  
 Had been the sport of fortune and the wind ; 320

Lin. 317. The original here does not afford us the  
 least light to discover, who are meant by the various  
 subsequent characters, tho' there is an air of ingenuous  
 distress runs thro' it, which would persuade one, that  
 it is no fiction.

At

At home his wealth, abroad his father, lost,  
 His pensive mother fought her native coast;  
 Her virtue, prudence, and her honest pride  
 The loss of father, and estate supply'd;  
 His breast with love of learning she inspir'd, 325  
 And with his ancestor's examples fir'd;  
 In this pursuit he plac'd his only hope,  
 This cordial bore his drooping spirits up,  
 And made him scorn beneath the weight of cares  
                   to stoop.

Aspiring still, and eager after fame, 330  
 To tread the Royal courts, he rais'd his aim;  
 With anxious heart approach'd the awful throne,  
 And trembling laid his humble off'ring down;  
 Then from the court did modestly recede, 334  
 In hopes, his merits their own cause might plead;  
 Proud, that his gen'rous Patroness approv'd the  
                   deed.

(His Patroness, in whose exalted mind  
 Were manly sense and female sweetness join'd,  
 On whom judicious Hymen did confer  
 The only Man, that could be worthy Her :) 340

Bless'd in a friend, contented in his cure,  
 Was scarce asham'd his neighbours knew him poor:  
 His rector's social, learned, kind discourse  
 Beguil'd this thought, and eas'd it's pungent force:  
 Returning from his friend one day, he heard, 345  
 To a grand charge his rector was preferr'd;  
 Tho' gratitude and friendship warm'd his breast,  
 Yet in himself he greatly was distrest:  
 His neighbours flock around and wish him joy,  
 In melancholy mood he makes reply: 350  
 Joy, friends! judge you, if happier I am,  
 My toil increas'd, my income still the same;  
 The friendly converse and the social host,  
 And more, than half of all my comfort, lost.

T. H. C——R.

## S A T I R E III\*.

TO HANNIBAL MALEGUCCIO.

S Ince you so earnestly desire to know,  
 At Duke *Alphonso's* court how matters go,  
 My humour how my new employment hits,  
 If the chang'd saddle wrings, or easy fits;  
 You'll say perhaps, that if I now complain, 5  
 My back still suffers from the former strain;  
 You'll say perhaps, how light soever laid,  
 No burden suits the shoulders of a jade;  
 Think as you please, I'm ready to confess  
 I little lik'd the first, a second less;

\* This was wrote A. D. 1520. after his having been  
 at Rome and found Leo X. ungratefully overlook him.  
 I think I run no risk in asserting this is as elegant an  
 epistolary satire, as ever yet was wrote. The various  
 turns, the simplicity of the stories, and the modesty of  
 anger, that reigns throughout, shew the poet, the gen-  
 tleman and philosopher, in their strongest lights.

My heart consulted keeps it's constant tone,  
And bid to chuse it's service, chuses none :

Rail as you will, the case is much the same,  
If nature or ill treatment bear the blame :  
I scorn with art my failings to deny, 15  
Or cloak 'em with a well-concerted lye.

Had my good father pleas'd, th' estate to spare,  
Instead of ten to leave a single heir,  
Or had I known, when first produc'd to life,  
To use like Saturn, the preventive knife. 20  
Small tho' my income, I should scarce have thought  
A master worth the trouble to be fought,  
Nor ask'd a king, like Esop's frogs, for me  
To veil my cap to, or to bow my knee.

But now since fortune has prescrib'd my share,  
A tythe of the estate with all the care, 26  
In some dependance forc'd, for bread, to live,  
Sprung from a race not over-apt to thrive,  
I thought it less constraint, tho' fond of none,  
To serve a noble master, and but one ; 30  
Rather than here and there for meals depend,  
Court all the world, and not secure a friend.

I know how ill my sentiment agrees  
 With that of multitudes on points like these ;  
 They think a court-dependance something great,  
 Proud of the honour to be slaves of state, 36

Who wants a place ?---I ask no more for mine,  
 Than the good fortune quickly to resign ;  
 And most sincerely long my charge to quit,  
 Would kind St. Mary and her son think fit. 40

'Tis no such wonder that the self same pack  
 Seems light to one, but strains another's back ;  
 Preferment then, that seems so good to thee,  
 May seem confinement and a clog to me.

The nightingale, that free so sweetly sings, 45  
 Mute in his prison droops, and hangs his wings ;  
 The Goldfinch bears, the Linnet loves its cage,  
 If once confin'd the Swallow bursts with rage.

He that aspires to wear a colour'd string,  
 Delights to tread the courts of Duke or King : 50  
 Of Cardinals and Pope, who seeks the hat :  
 But neither, I, who wish nor this, nor that.

It better suits my temper, I confess,  
 In my own cottage my own roots to dress,

Myself the guest the humble dish prepare, 55  
 And season to my taste the country-fare;  
 Better than, oft no over-welcome guest,  
 On Ortolans at great men's tables feast;  
 Careless when weary nature asks repose,  
 If sleep a bed of down or straw bestows. 60

I rather chuse to rest my legs at home,  
 Than fond of foreign shows abroad to roam;  
 Nor wish to boast, like many a travell'd fool,  
 These eyes of mine have seen the great Mogul.

Our various tempers various schemes propose,  
 These to the church incline, the army those; 66  
 These in their native country most delight,  
 Those with new prospects glut the greedy sight:  
 Those that would see strange places, let them see;  
 They reap the fruit, the labour tires not me: 70  
 In peace at home permitted to remain,  
 Who goes and whither? gives me little pain:

Two

Lin. 71. Whoever has read the ORLANDO FURI-  
 oso, will be not a little surprized at this passage; for  
 in his tenth canto he gives so exact, so minute a de-  
 scrip-

Two seas that wash th' Italian coast I've seen,  
 And travers'd o'er the land that lies between ;  
 Of Appennines and Alps can talk beside, 75  
 That these inclose the country, those divide.  
 Now idleness or prudence deems it best,  
 In maps and charts secure to view the rest ;  
 My curious eyes here range from coast to coast,  
 They need no passport, and they pay no post : 80  
 To new-discover'd worlds the voyage perform,  
 Nor dread the secret rock, or rising storm ;  
 Nor fairs, heav'n's courtiers, with a bribe engage  
 Of candles or a votive pilgrimage.

But that in ev'ry shape I hate restraint, 85  
 This service would admit of small complaint ;  
 The terms are good, and what I count the best,  
 It rarely calls me from my native rest :  
 Besides it seldom interrupts the course  
 Of my lov'd studies or abates their force ; 90

scription of the river Thames, near London, with the  
 places adjacent, that one would imagine he must have  
 been on the very spot, to which his picturesque art  
 conveys his readers.

From

From whence oblig'd unwillingly to part,  
I move indeed, but leave behind, my heart.

You seem to doubt, by that malicious smile,  
Some other cause that weds me to the soil ;  
As if I fought my weakness to disguise. 95  
For a small girl with two persuasive eyes.

On your sententious mouth your finger lay,  
I freely own it : have you more to say ?  
The truth I scorn t' evade or to deny,  
Nor wear my sword to vindicate a lye. 100

Why I stay here, the reason shall I give ?  
Because I have no mind the place to leave :  
Now let the wiser world their trouble spare,  
And of my person leave to me the care.

But had I gone to Rome, it may be said, 105  
There to preferment-hunting turn'd my head,  
Ere this in all appearance I had got  
Abbies or pensions, prelacies---what not ?  
My boldest hopes could scarce too far extend,  
Known to the Pope himself, an ancient friend,

Long ere his merit, or---his lucky fate  
Lent him a hand to mount St. Peter's feat.

Ev'n at a time when banish'd, in disgrace,  
Ere fortune clear'd from frowns her changing face,  
He and his friends oblig'd to seek support, 115  
Precarious refuge from a foreign court,  
Where *Bembo* and the train to Phœbus dear  
With all the charms of verse his exile cheer,  
Patron of wit himself, by all confest  
Greatest in rank, in no endowment least, 120  
And after, when with happier omens led  
Once more his friends in Florence rais'd their head,  
Forc'd their seditious foes to quick retreat,  
And shook the standard-bearer from his seat;  
Ev'n when from Rome the pleasing summons came  
To take the vacant chair and *Leo's* name, 126  
A fav'rite I, and, as to outward show,  
Few could pretend an equal length to go.

Oft has he told me, then perhaps sincere,  
To leave my fortunes to his earliest care, 130  
Or wait the harvest of his rip'ning pow'r,  
Next to his brother rank'd, if not before.

To

To Rome I went—you think, that had I stay'd  
 Large strides t' advancement I must soon have made;  
 That Popes have no employment, but to shed 135  
 Mitres and hats on each expecting head.  
 If you should wonder how such hopes could fail,  
 Spare your surprize, and listen to my tale;  
 It speaks a moral, if you think it slight,  
 Know, it costs less to read it, than to write. 140

One sultry season when th' exhausted ground  
 Was parch'd for want of moisture all around,  
 As tho' th' indulgent Sire of Phaeton  
 For weeks had lent the chariot to his son; 144  
 The wells were dry, the springs had spent their store,  
 The brooks refresh'd their thirsty banks no more;  
 O'er burning sands, where streams were wont to flow;  
 The wide-arch'd bridge seem'd only built for show;  
 'Twas then a yeoman, with possessions large,  
 His riches once, but now a heavy charge, 150  
 Found, that in common ills the greatest share  
 Falls to the wealthy both of loss and care;  
 To save his cattle pining with the drought,  
 Water, with fruitless diligence, he sought:

LUDOVICO ARIOSTO. 63

Hard case! but still unwilling to despair, 155  
Faith interpos'd to try th' effect of prayer :  
Heav'n to his earnest vows an audience lent,  
And in return a dream or vision sent,  
That far from thence within a certain vale,  
To find a secret spring he should not fail. 160

Thither with all his thirsty tribe he hies,  
Begins to dig, the welcome waters rise :  
The master dips his cup, the only one,  
The crowd about him greedily looks on.

Friends, let each take his turn : my right allows  
To me the first, the second to my spouse ; 166  
Next let the children round in order take  
A hearty draught, their burning throats to slake ;  
Next let the servants each one quench his thirst,  
But those, who work'd to reach it, drink the first ;  
Then of the beasts we'll take the proper care, 171  
Those to preserve we least know how to spare.

Thus stood the law, by this they all proceed,  
To claim their rank their sev'ral merits plead ;  
Each presses on, unwilling to be last, 175  
To promise future use, or urge the past.  
This

This, with no small concern, a chat'ring Pie  
 Heard, while he stands neglected, suppliant, by:  
 Welcome buffoon, in better times, to cheer  
 With idle prate and songs his master's ear; 180  
 Thinks he, if water sells at such a rate,  
 'There needs no prophet to foretell my fate:  
 I no relation am, nor search'd the spring,  
 Advantage never brought, nor hope to bring;  
 While others swill their stomachs till they burst, 185  
 For ought I see, poor *Mag* may die with thirst:  
 Better walk off, and take my chance, than wait,  
 Or not to drink at all, or drink too late.

Good cousin, tell this simple tale to those,  
 That, wise in other folks affairs, suppose 190  
 His Holiness should think of me before  
 The *Neri*, *Vanni*, *Lotti*—fifty more.

Mark but what numbers wait to quench their  
 thirst,  
 From nephews down to fourteenth cousins--first.

Lin. 193. Florentine families, consequently to be  
 preferred by the Pope, who was himself of the house  
 of the *Medici* of Florence.

Next

Next—those that lent their hand to mount the  
throne, 195

And grac'd his temples with the triple crown;  
These scarce content, 'tis natural to think  
Another rank should claim its right to drink;  
Such who in Florence labour'd to restore,  
Spite of the factious Mayor, his house's pow'r. 200

One, I was with him in his exile, cries:  
I risk'd my neck to serve him, one replies;  
A third advancing on begins to boast,  
How much he lent, and how much--might have lost.  
Another for acknowledgments depends 205  
For favours to his brother and his friends:  
When neither horse nor arms nor clothes remain'd,  
I set him up, at my expence maintain'd.

If I must wait, while these their claims prefer,  
And wait I surely must; methinks 'tis clear, 210  
That ere my specious hopes in fact prevail,  
Or I myself, or ev'n the spring may fail.

Better my wonted quiet here maintain,  
Than prove, if poets speak the truth, or feign,

F

That

That Fortune her rich minions duly laves, 215  
To blot remembrance out, in Lethe's waves.

Grant that the Pope has never sipp'd the stream,  
That cancels merit, friendship and esteem;  
Free from the common vice, by which the Great,  
From whence, by whom, and how they rose, forget,  
I own him such, and willingly proclaim, 221  
I found him still, tho' high advanc'd, the same:  
Unlike the upstart herd, that serve their ends,  
Rise by their help, and then neglect their friends.

When first I knelt before his sacred feet, 225  
He bow'd him lowly from the papal seat,  
He grasp'd my hand, with friendly warmth caress'd,  
And on each cheek an holy kiss impress'd:  
Nay more, to prove his love beyond dispute,  
Patient he heard, and granted—half my suit;  
This, by a pow'rful friend, dispatch'd with ease, 231  
Was duly sent, and I—discharg'd the fees.

Lin. 232. The fees at Rome are so extravagant, that unless the Pope grants his favours with an immunity from paying them, it rather injures, than advances the applicant.

My

My audience ended, licens'd by the Pope,  
 I part, with projects big and airy hope,  
 Thro' rain and plashy roads content to get 235  
 Some miles to supper, dirty, tir'd, and wet.

Well now, suppose his Holiness should grant  
 More than he profer'd, more than I can want ;  
 That now the seeds of service, I have sown,  
 Should thrive and yield me fifty-fold for one, 240  
 Ev'n should his lib'ral hand exhaust it's pow'r,  
 On me alone his dignities to show'r ;  
 This single head with hats and mitres load,  
 More than at Rome on solemn functions crow'd ;  
 Should he, with gold uncounted, next persist 245  
 To cram my purse, my pockets, and my breast ;  
 If this suffice me not, go on to glut  
 With gold my bowels, belly, stomach, throat ;  
 What then ?—would all this madly-lavish'd store  
 E'er quench the greedy thirst for something more ?  
 Would this, or millions fate it's rav'ning maw, 251  
 Or bid the worm of av'rice cease to gnaw ?

I'd take a trip to Rome with all my soul ;  
 Nay, if you will, from one to t'other pole,

Could I by such a voyage the grace acquire, 255  
 To fix my point, nor farther to aspire:  
 But were I call'd his Eminence, or bore  
 The lowliest title with the haughtiest pow'r,  
 If the same mind, with one possession cloy'd,  
 Uneasy longs for something unenjoy'd; 260  
 Why should I risk the labour and the pain  
 To mount so many steps, but mount in vain:  
 A wiser choice be mine to rest below,  
 While others toil and sweat to make the show.

In days of yore, perhaps before the flood, 265  
 While men were raw, and ignorantly good,  
 Long ere the polish'd world had learn'd the way  
 To stroll abroad like hungry wolves for prey,  
 Down in the bottom of an humble vale,  
 A certain, nameless people chanc'd to dwell; 270

Lin. 256. The Pope is stiled *Servus Servorum*,  
 which how well it agrees with their principles of acting  
 is obvious to any one, who looks into almost any part  
 of their history. This title was first taken by Gregory the  
 Great, and has been continued by his successors ever  
 since.

Not

Not far from thence the mountain rose so high,  
 They simply thought, the summit touch'd the sky ;  
 Here had they often view'd, the cause unknown,  
 A different Phasis of the changing moon ; 274  
 While each increase or Wane repeats the doubt,  
 Why chang'd, why now with horns, and now  
 without ?

Could we, thought some, more curious than the  
 rest,  
 Mount yonder height, the cause might well be  
 guess'd ;  
 There, on the spot, with pleasure might we view,  
 Why she decreases old, increases new. 280

The humour spreads apace ; and happy he,  
 Who first should make the grand discovery :  
 The bag and basket these and those prepare,  
 Forward to climb, and eager to be there ;  
 But found themselves when reach'd the mountain's  
 brow,

To reach the moon no nearer than below : 286  
 Stretch'd on the ground with weariness and pain,  
 They join'd to wish themselves safe down again,

With envious eyes the lagging croud behind  
 Persued, and as they mounted, still repin'd; 290  
 Here are we labouring hard, while, laid at ease,  
 Yon folk enjoy the prospect as they please.

This mount is fortune's wheel, a fickle seat,  
 As all well know; but---all alike forget;  
 Blind to experience, deaf to reason, there 295  
 They seek repose, and grasp the fleeting air.

If honour could content of mind procure,  
 Did it, to bless the rich, desert the poor;  
 I'd own, in this if any case, the fruit  
 Were richly worth the labour of pursuit; 300  
 But if we find that Kings and Popes in vain  
 Grasp at repose, but never can attain;  
 Those Gods on earth, methinks, should scarce bestow  
 That peace on me, they seldom seem to know.

Could I, to match or more than equal, hope,  
 In wealth the Turk, in dignity the Pope; 306  
 All this procur'd, a something unpossess  
 Would still remain behind to sour the rest.

So far it well becomes me to contrive,  
As not to want the means, at ease to live; 310  
This, reason dictates, as my proper care,  
But shows how vain all other prospects are.

He, that his share of nature's gifts enjoys,  
Press'd by no need, whom no bad health annoys,  
Here ought to rest contented, nor aspire 315  
To things beyond, but curb the loose desire.  
He, that whene'er he will, can make repast,  
Ne'er forc'd thro' want to keep unwilling fast;  
He, that beneath an humble roof can shun  
The winter's nipping frost, or dog-day sun; 320  
An horse, perhaps his own, can sometimes ride  
For exercise or bus'ness, not for pride,  
Can keep an honest servant, man or maid,  
To cook and lay the cloth and make the bed;  
What would he more—what more can I receive,  
Were I dispos'd to ask the Pope to give? 326

When once the flask has had it's full content,  
All that is pour'd besides, in waste were spent,

You'll say perhaps, to honour something's due,  
 To what the world may think or say—'tis true!  
 Not to the vice, that lurks beneath the name, 331  
 Ambition and unmeasur'd lust of fame.

True honour is---to stand in fair esteem  
 With men of worth, and be the man you seem:  
 Are you not such? no art can long supply 335  
 A mask secure, nor hide the practick lye.

Sir knight, my lord, your rev'rence, what you  
 please,  
 Thank God! I pay no court to names like these:  
 Titles without desert are paint too thin  
 To hide the coxcomb and the knave within. 340

Yon Fop, that struts important o'er the place,  
 Thought honour might consist in silk and lace:  
 Catch'd by the eye, the stupid crowd incline  
 To hail the man, the taylor made so fine:  
 What if he heard aloud the whisper told, 345  
 That suit if paid for, thanks to foreign gold:  
 Pale guilt corrodes beneath that outside state  
 The villain that betray'd th' entrusted gate.

With

With purchas'd honours, copes and collars deck  
The Atheist's shoulder, or the coward's neck; 350  
A vain expence! the world with piercing eyes  
Observes and views thee stript of thy disguise.

On honesty of heart I lay the stress,  
Not on the price or fashion of the dress.  
My habit, like my mind, be neat and plain, 355  
With no false ornaments, and private stain.

Let shameless *Bomba*, libertine profess,  
Turn probity and honest fame to jest,  
Greedy of pelf, his principles avow;  
Let me be rich and great—no matter how; 360  
Virtue at best affords but barren praise,  
To pow'r and wealth the world its homage pays;  
Besides it's censures why should I esteem,  
Who Christ himself with idle tongues blaspheme?

Softly, good Sir; suppose the fact too true, 365  
The reas'ning little serves to favour you:  
At sacred characters an impious jeer  
The wise, the good, with trembling horror, hear:

True

True worth the worthless only would defame ;  
 Art thou condemn'd ? the worthy speak the same ;  
 By ev'ry voice pronounc'd, without reply,      371  
 Rich by the manag'd-card, and doctor'd die :  
 Would'st thou thy crimes from common view conceal,  
 A seeming modesty should lend it's veil ;  
 The rich embroid'ry and the stiff brocade      375  
 But point thee out, and speak thy cut-purse trade ;  
 Would'st thou, thy thefts escape the publick sight,  
 Retire, not stand expos'd in open light ;  
 But frontless knaves, of ill-got purchase vain,      379  
 Think wealth and dress can wipe out ev'ry stain.

One asks, that palace by what means he got,  
 If yonder country-seat was fairly bought :  
 Others, from whom, and by what lucky cheat  
 The upstart rais'd that over-grown estate :  
 That flaunting equipage, that wild expence      385  
 To each observing eye gives just offence ;  
 It prompts the cautious tongue to speak thy shame,  
 The list'ning crouds with curses brand thy name.

All this, good *Bornò* thinks, is no disgrace,  
 Provided no one twits him to his face ;      390

Behind

Behind his back let those pretend, that will,  
 He lent the hand a brother's blood to spill:  
 'Tis true, suspicious of it's griping claw,  
 He thought it best t' avoid th' enquiring law;  
 But now return'd th' inheritance receives, 395  
 While disappointed justice vainly grieves.

A third aloft the pointed mitre bears,  
 Fond to expose the dignity, he wears;  
 There from his pill'ry looks with scorn below,  
 Careless, what secrets those beneath him know:  
 No matter, who the prelacy ascribes, 401  
 Not to desert, but dirty work or bribes;  
 While *Your-good-Lordship* greets his forfeit ears,  
 Heav'n mourns, earth murmurs, hell triumphant  
 sneers.

H—N.

S A-

## SATIRE IV.

TO

SIGISMOND MALEGUCCIO.

*Castel-nuovo, Capital of Garfagnana. Feb. 20. 1523.*

**T**HIS day, for metre an unlucky date,  
 Makes up at last the tedious year compleat,  
 Since from those hills, whence charg'd with winter  
 snows

To nip the Tuscan spring the north wind blows,  
 Here where Turrita rolls with short-liv'd pride, 5  
 To lose its name, and swell the Serchio's tide,  
 Fate and the Duke's commands my care ordain'd,  
 In this low vale his scatter'd flock to tend:  
 To him it flew for refuge, still afraid,  
 Still trembling from the Roman Lion dead, 10  
 Dreading a future tyrant; well they might,  
 Aw'd by the last, and bit, and drove to flight;

Who

LUDOVICO ARIOSTO. 77

Who, soon or late, the whole his prey had made,  
Had heav'n withheld its long-expected aid.

In all this time 'tis now my first essay, 15  
The homage, to the muses due, to pay;  
To rove once more among the laurel shades,  
Crop the green wreath, and hail the guardian maids.

To say the truth, to me this awkward place  
At first arrival bore so odd a face, 20  
I far'd like some poor bird, that fullen sits  
In his new cage, and usual song forgets.

You may, for ought I know, conceive it strange,  
So long a silence for so slight a change;  
But I myself, who felt it, wonder more, 25  
This brain, unturn'd, so much vexation bore:  
Think whence I write, and then excuse my spleen,  
One hundred weary miles, and more, between:  
What rugged hills, what woods, what torrents part  
The lover from the idol of his heart. 30

To other friends indeed a diff'rent tale  
The truth, not fit for nicer ears, may veil:

To

To your try'd faith, distinguish'd from the rest,  
 Without disguise my weakness stands confess:  
 There are, that, trusted with my real case, 35  
 Would leer the eye and screw th' important face.

Ill-nature can a mask of pity wear,  
 And sigh, Good Lord, what fools some people are!  
 A proper person this, to bear the weight  
 Of publick office and direct a state, 40  
 Whose addle head, with fifty winters grey,  
 Roves after girls, in life and strength's decay.

Harsh tho' the censure, I must own it too  
 Justly apply'd and orthodoxly true;  
 For tho' I err, yet not quite void of shame, 45  
 I know my faults and readily condemn;  
 But what avails to know and to regret,  
 This hour my follies own, the next repeat;  
 To feel within my veins the poison swell,  
 Yet know no art it's venom to expel? 50

You, to whom heav'n has giv'n the wit and grace,  
 Can curb this inborn sin of human race:

In

In spite of nature, obstinately good,  
 Such frailties have by strength of mind subdu'd ;  
 Old as I am, howe'er I pass for wise, 55  
 I own my heart not proof to female eyes :  
 I call this folly too ; but think it fair,  
 They, that have greater follies, mine should spare ;  
 Of those that blame me most, I guess that some  
 Might find out reformation-work at home : 60  
 At least forbear to whisper or proclaim,  
 Forgetful of their own, their neighbour's shame.

I cut no throats, nor willingly offend,  
 By word or deed, my foe, much less my friend :  
 Torn from my better half, my lovesick moan 65  
 Disturbs no mortal's quiet, but my own.

This you must grant, nor would I hence pretend  
 One weakness to disown or to defend ;  
 But barely plead the world has reasons store  
 To pardon this in me, and something more. 70

The world can sometimes wink or blindness feign,  
 And pass without remark a fouler stain ;

Nay

Nay sells its honours at so base a price,  
To dignify with virtue's name the vice.

*Ermilian's* rage for gold, no gold can glut, 75  
Nor hourly meals *Gianfa's* craving gut;  
Insatiate wolf, whose all-devouring maw  
Of time or place, or person knows no law.

Void of affection, but for sordid self,  
The miser hates his neighbour, starves himself;  
Yet gains the name without the least pretence, 81  
Except a weighty purse, to worth and sense.

*Rinieri* swells with fancy'd grandeur vain,  
And holds his proper rank in low disdain,  
Outlives himself, and squanders his estate, 85  
To ape the wild expences of the great :  
'Twould vex him to the soul, to think his Grace  
Wore finer cloaths, or shone in richer lace ;  
Or see another's train his own out go ;  
One third maintain'd for use, and two for show :  
Mean while, a short recruit to fill the purse, 91  
These farms are sold, and those are put to nurse ;

Quick riot wastes beneath one spend-thrift heir—  
 All his forefathers earn'd or fav'd with care.  
 Th' ill-judging herd let pass without remark 95  
 A gull like this, and neither bite nor bark;  
 To ruin and applaud him all conspire,  
 Drink up his wine, and toast him—Noble Squire.

*Solonius* in one working head has stow'd 99  
 Of schemes and plans and projects such a load,  
 That many an ass would bend his stubborn back,  
 Or sink quite tir'd beneath a lighter pack:  
 Perpetual motion, rowling up and down  
 Thro' all the busy quarters of the town,  
 Like *Ignis fatuus* shifts from place to place 105  
 Th' important dulness of his solemn face:  
 New ways and means his tortur'd brains distill  
 Th' exchequer at the subject's cost to fill:  
 To squeeze the rich, to stretch the penal law,  
 And ev'n from air and sunshine taxes draw: 110  
 It sooths his pride, the Pope should notice take,  
 How much he's hated for his master's sake;  
 That parents and companions all complain,  
 He knows no passion but the prince's gain:

The people loath him, and with reason too; 115  
The common pest, if publick fame speaks true;  
From him they say their grievances proceed,  
And charge with curses his contriving head;  
Yet such a wretch pretends, respect to claim,  
Because a title hides his hated name, 120  
And, true to int'rest, lords and commons bow,  
Where'er they meet, most reverently low.

*Laurin* without remorse could basely seize,  
By fraud and force his country's liberties;  
Sticks at no means to compass his designs; 125  
Some shortens by the head, and some confines:  
At first to fet his prey, a Fox demure,  
The prey once gain'd, a Lion to secure:  
Lavish of gold at first, and courtly arts,  
Of willing slaves to buy the venal hearts; 130  
But firm in pow'r, his tools alone carest,  
True merit pines neglected or distrest:  
Yet black with murders, lust, and robberies,  
There are that think, at least that call him, wise:

Be-

LUDOVICO ARIOSTO: 83

Beneath his rule the titles, he bestows, 135  
In stronger light the wearers shame expose:  
Justice to blind caprice resigns the scales,  
And partial favour, foe to right, prevails:  
This wretch, who bears to worth an innate spight,  
Who counts the swan for black, the crow for white;  
Were he to hear my tale, would skowl and low'r, 141  
No monkey chewing crabs e'er look'd so four.

To what we can't prevent, we must submit,  
So let them think and talk as they see fit;  
In sum I know, and feel it to my cost, 145  
That here my songs and sports and smiles are lost.

Not that I think it difficult to find  
Some certain reasons of a diff'rent kind,  
Which candidly apply'd might well excuse  
This long divorce between me, and my muse. 150

There was a time when in the calm retreats  
Of our own happy *Reggio's* rural feats;  
The solitudes, the groves, the constant spring,  
With joy and rapture tun'd my voice to sing:



LUDOVICO ARIOSTO. 85

Ev'n Helicon's green bank and bubbling spring 175  
Would scarcely tempt my broken voice to sing,  
The Muse would shun my breast no more serene;  
But dark with clouds or rough with storms within.

Perhaps no prison e'er was suited less  
For study than this melancholy place; 180  
Where the stretch'd eye no chearful prospects meets,  
The weary mind no pleasing subject greets:  
Here naked plains to tire the sight extend,  
There ragged rocks in pointed spires ascend;  
Where saints of old, to human converse dead, 185  
Of this bad world th' infectious commerce fled.

My residence a valley, dreary, deep;  
The mountains, that inclose it, rough and steep;  
Whene'er I stir abroad, reduc'd to climb  
From cliff to cliff, and venture life or limb: 190  
Whene'er I respite seek from public cares,  
Unwearied Discord fresh complaints prepares,  
Murders or thefts or deadly feuds invents,  
Past mischiefs aggravates, or new foment; 194

These must I loath and humour, those correct,  
 Frown on th' oppressor or th' oppress'd protect ;  
 While each disorder of this factious state  
 On my poor shoulders falls with double weight :  
 At every turn, for counsel or for aid,  
 Dispatches must be sent, memorials made,      200  
 And rack'd my brain, some methods to contrive,  
 The rogues, that haunt the country, thence to  
     drive.

You know, the wisest laws would prove too weak  
 Those to restrain, that can unpunish'd break ;  
 Much more when civil feuds have turn'd the course  
 Of justice, over-aw'd by tyrant force.      206

Such bands of thieves the publick roads infest,  
 They brave the hue and cry that goes in quest,  
 Or ought to go—for sometimes those employ'd  
 Seem to pursue, but study to avoid.      210  
 I watch their motions and whate'er I learn,  
 Write it to those, whom it should most concern ;  
 I write indeed ; but those that read, neglect,  
 Or send the answer I should least expect.

Each

LUDOVICO ARIOSTO. 87

Each petty clan at independance aims, 215  
In ev'ry breast avow'd sedition flames ;  
Each diff'rent Lord, his diff'rent party heads,  
And, stubborn by indulgence, faction spreads.

Now think, if Phœbus probably would take  
A journey hither, meerly for my sake, 220  
For these dark caves his favour'd Delphos quit,  
And processes prefer to verse and wit.

Here you may ask, what motives weigh'd with me  
To give up home and books and liberty ?  
To waste my time and load my head with cares,  
Lost in a maze of other folks affairs ? 226

You know reproach itself could never stain  
My character with greedy thirst of gain ;  
How small the pension I enjoy'd before !  
Yet liv'd content without desiring more ; 230  
But you are still perhaps to learn, how soon  
The payments slacken'd, when the war begun :  
How soon improv'd the plausible pretence  
To stop the whole, and save the court's expence :

I felt th' effects but never once complain'd, 235  
 Tho' forely straitned while the cause remain'd ;  
 But thought it just, in peace restor'd, to share  
 The profits which I lost in time of war.

Besides till then I found the means to draw  
 Some little perquisites from suits at law : 240  
 At length ev'n this precarious income fail'd ;  
 The laws were mute, because the sword prevail'd :  
 Thro' meer despair at last I courage took,  
 Plainly to lay my case before the Duke,  
 And in few words insist on some support, 245  
 Or, ask his leave to seek another court.

Just then this people which had newly broke  
 Their fetters and shook off a tyrant's yoke,  
 Submitted to my master's milder sway,  
 And forc'd the Panther thence, to hunt for prey :  
 Eager the sweets of legal rule to taste, 250  
 They importun'd the Duke to send in haste,  
 Their ancient laws and customs to restore,  
 And government distinct as 'twas before :

On me this office unexpected fell,  
 But why on me, 'twere hard perhaps to tell;  
 Whether, by want of time and clamours prest,  
 He thought the quickest choice might prove the best;  
 Or whether he conceiv'd the place might be,  
 Tho' I scarce fit to serve it, fit for me: 260  
 If so, the greater obligation mine;  
 Let those that suffer by the choice, repine.

Thanks to my master for his great good will,  
 The gift exceeds my best deserts, but still  
 This I must say, and hope without offence, 265  
 He might have pleas'd me more at less expence.

Should you enquire among the people here,  
 How I behave, what character I bear,  
 Well might they answer, a severer rule  
 Befits a state, of all corruptions full. 270  
 'Tis probable thus far we think the same,  
 Nor they content with me nor I with them:  
 Like *Æsop's* cock the ground for food I turn,  
 Like him the diamond's uselefs lustre spurn.

For-

Fortune with human folly apt to sport, 275  
 Betray'd an honest skipper once to court,  
 And mov'd a frolick in the Prince's head  
 To mount him on a barb of mettled breed :  
 The royal gift indulg'd the sailer's pride,  
 He thought, it ask'd no mighty skill to ride ; 280  
 'Twas the first time, but seem'd a thing of course,  
 He that could steer a ship, might steer an horse.

So up he leaps, both fists the saddle grasp,  
 Both legs the horse's belly straitly clasp.  
 The beast begins to curvet, John sticks fast, 285  
 Rowl on, quoth he, no fear we spring the mast.

Touch'd with the spurs his courser forward flings,  
 The sailer gores his sides and closer clings ;  
 And while he spurs him on with might and main,  
 Employs both hands to check the straightned rein.  
 Mean while the gen'rous beast at ribs and jaws 291  
 Suffers and bleeds, but cannot guess the cause ;  
 While inconsistent signs at once he feels,  
 Back'd by the hands, prick'd forward by the heels.

Short

Short was the awkward scene, he rears, he leaps,  
Shook from his feat the frightened skipper slips.  
No easy fall! the sharp, obdurate stones  
Broke his poor head and bruis'd his shatter'd bones.

Dusty and pale he rais'd himself at last,  
Biting his lips with rage for what had past ; 300  
Wife but too late, it added to his pain,  
To find himself abus'd, nor dare complain.

Both he and I had ta'en the better course,  
I to refuse th' employment, he the horse.

Good Sir—be pleas'd the favour to bestow 305  
On such, who, better, how to use it, know.---  
Each, with a compliment thus cheaply quit,  
Had one sharp lesson sav'd of dear bought wit.

H——N.

## SATIRE V\*.

TO BONAVENTURE PISTOPHILO,  
the Duke's Secretary.

**Y**OU write me word, that if I feel my mind,  
To take another trip to Rome, inclin'd;  
There to reside perhaps a brace of years,  
And manage with the Pope the Duke's affairs,  
Th' occasion serves, and when my thoughts you  
know,  
Can bring th' affair about that I shall go:  
But still to save appearance, think it best  
On some pretence it pass for my request.

You give the hint, the reigning family  
Have long look'd on me with a gracious eye; 10

\* This Satire was wrote A. D. 1523, when Ariosto was governor of Garfagnana, and was the cause of his recall from that savage place.

Your-

Yourself, a frequent witness, have perceiv'd  
 How easy my access, how well receiv'd ;  
 Nor this alone, when humbled by distress,  
 When all the Great their few try'd friends caress ;  
 But after their return from exile home, 15  
 And ev'n when Leo aw'd the world at Rome.

You think, my int'rest, turn'd to proper use,  
 The Duke's advantage there might well produce ;  
 But for myself at all events are sure,  
 Much wealth and honour I must needs secure : 20  
 They that would catch large fish must plant their  
 hook

In some large river, not a scanty brook :  
 This to my case you dextrously apply,  
 Ergo—but hearken first what I reply.

Thanks to my friend, whose ever-partial care  
 So slight a subject studies to prefer ; 26  
 Who for my sake would alter nature's course,  
 And deck the ox with trappings of the horse :  
 My master's service eager to advance,  
 Think me prepar'd for Rome, for Spain, for France ;

On

On this or t'other side the western seas, 31  
 Thro' fire or sword, employ me, where you please ;  
 But to suppose this embassy should be  
 In point of fame or profit dear to me,  
 Wou'd you the bird within your net secure, 35  
 Set up at least some less suspected lure.

My present rank contents me, aiming higher,  
 I risk perhaps to fall, while I aspire :  
 Ev'n here your Bonnets of no vulgar class  
 With some respect salute me when I pass ; 40  
 Because the wearers see me sometimes feast  
 Ev'n at my master's board a favour'd guest :  
 Because they know the gracious ear he lends,  
 When I prefer my suit, or aid my friend's.

Could I for real wants as well provide, 45  
 As for this bubble—food of foolish pride,  
 My roving mind with airy voyages spent,  
 Would fix, and look no farther for content ;  
 And yet my wishes no great stretch extend,  
 I ask'd but to subsist, and not depend ; 50  
 But now these prospects of a freer state,  
 Ev'n hope rejects, and owns they rise too late.

Since

Since friends, like what I had, have ne'er thought  
good,

To ease me of this yoke of servitude ;  
Old in neglect, and verging tow'rds my grave, 55  
Since still I live a beggar and a slave,  
Those flattering dreams have lost their magick pow'r,  
With future hopes to cheat the present hour,  
To drag me scarce resisting here or there,  
Led by the nose as Orfin does his bear. 60

The times are chang'd—for I must first forget,  
How dear cost once before the same deceit :  
How little like its morn my chearless day,  
My fruitless Autumn to its blooming May :

The times are chang'd—since to the church his  
spouse 65  
In solemn triumph' Leo pledg'd his vows ;  
When round I saw to aid the pomp of state  
In scarlet robes my old companions wait :  
What might I then not hope, or how foresee,  
That he should think of all his friends, but me ?

Lin. 61, to lin. 80. See Note (q) in Ariosto's Life.

Let me forget this usage first; and then,  
Urge, if you will, the gratitude of men:

Let me forget to what a tow'ring height,  
Fond hope on folly's wings had rais'd its flight,  
That day, when *Leo's* kiss and proffer'd grace 75  
Cajol'd the Novice with a court-embrace;  
How low it sunk, when, on the first essay,  
It prov'd how little *Can-I-serve-yous*, weigh;  
How sneak'd and cowl'd to find itself abus'd  
With one slight favour beg'd, and half refus'd. 80

An early Gourd, in little space of time,  
Round a large peartree's trunk found means to climb;  
Thence o'er the boughs it's wanton tendrils spread'  
And aim'd, aspiring, at it's utmost head:  
One morn awoke the tree with mute surprize, 85  
First on the stranger turn'd its op'ning eyes,  
A stream of questions follow'd, Who art thou,  
Whence rais'd so high, and where conceal'd till  
now?

For sure, my mem'ry serves me not to trace  
The flightest feature in thy forward face. 90

Civil

Civil the Gourd reply'd, declar'd its name,  
 Describ'd its growth, and pointed whence it came :  
 In sum, that three short months from first to last,  
 From seed to plant, to fruit, were scarcely past.

A sudden rise indeed, return'd the pear ; 95  
 Why, friend, mine cost for every month ten year :  
 And scarce thro' summer's heats and winter's snows  
 And blasting winds with pain I struggling rose ;  
 But know that verdure premature like thine  
 Portends, if right I judge, as quick decline : 100  
 The meteor thus with momentary light  
 Mounts, blazes, dissipates, and sinks in night.

To the rash hopes, that dragg'd me post from  
 home

To pick up mitres in the streets of Rome,  
 All this and more with justice had been said, 105  
 By him who for the Pope had risk'd his head,  
 By those, in exile his expence had bore,  
 By those, his house had labour'd to restore,  
 Or by whose promise-purchas'd votes became,  
 A lion in command, the subject lamb ; 110

H

But

But who had known to draw from fate's dark womb  
 The prefages of dire events to come,  
 Perhaps had whisper'd in a fav'rite's ear,  
 Could truth to upstart greatness steal so near?

The fable mocks his airy prospects---true! 115  
 But with a sharper edge retorts on you;  
 Whose sudden greatness and unmeasur'd joy  
 Fate's unexpected stroke shall soon destroy;  
 Death hovers o'er your heads, a fatal blast  
 The minions first shall nip, their idol last. 120  
 All follow'd to the grave in eight short years  
 With solemn farce and well-dissembled tears.

And now the wise man's maxim to observe,  
 Not many words to use where few may serve;  
 Know that since then, ambition's idle schemes 125  
 Could ne'er seduce my mind with golden dreams:  
 No artful tale can cheat me to conceive  
 That what my friend withheld, his friend should  
 give.

Lin. 120. Within that short time Leo X. and his  
 whole court were snatched away, as if by a pestilence.

Ang-

Anglers, like you, for fish must vainly wait,  
Learn to conceal the hook, and change the bait. 130

If I can serve my friends, why, let me go:  
To serve myself for wealth or titles—no.  
Now reason wakes from gay delusions past,  
I sigh not for the first, and scorn the last.

Tell me,---this voyage my humour ought to fit,  
A good excuse these rugged rocks to quit, 136  
Whose rough inhabitants, a savage race,  
By nature suit the wildness of the place,  
That my soft temper shall no more repine  
Poor rogues to threaten often, sometimes fine; 140  
While great ones, half by cunning, half by force,  
Mock the weak laws, and change their equal  
course;

Tell me---that there at leisure I may rove  
Thro' the cool shades, that veil the sacred grove,  
Resume my lyre, awake the silent string, 145  
And, while the present Muses dictate, sing:

Lin. 139. See Note (*e*) in Ariosto's Life.

Tell me,---that there I may my hours improve  
 With those, whom long by just desert I love ;  
 With social mirth my busy thoughts unbend,  
 At once enjoy th' instructor and the friend ; 150  
 There with a book and some experienc'd guide  
 Survey the sad remains of Roman pride ;  
 The studies of my youth in age renew,  
 And trace old Rome half buried in the new :

Tell me,---the Vatican with friendly aid 155  
 Will lend those ancients, whom I wish to read ;  
 That there I may, with no great study earn'd,  
 Acquire the fame of being mighty learn'd ;  
 And after-ages may with wonder see  
 Latin, Greek, Hebrew, in my poetry : 160

To such proposals obstinate should I  
 Turn the deaf ear, unwilling to comply ;  
 Or you suppose, your reasons only fail'd  
 To move, where spleen and peevishness prevail'd,  
 To cut the matter short, and save dispute, 165  
 Let me, like fly *Emilius*, stretch my foot,  
 And

Lin. 166. Paulus Emilius parted with his wife Pa-  
 piria; on which his friends reproved him and said: Is  
 she

And bid th' impertinence of wisdom tell  
Where the shoe wrings, that seems to fit so well.

Heav'n fix'd my fancy, where it fix'd my lot ;  
A plant long wedded to its native spot ;  
Which dreads the hand, that thence its root would  
tear,  
To pine in richer soil or milder air.

For were it not, that now and then I get,  
Once in six months perhaps, a short retreat ;  
The school-boy's wish, an idle week at home, 175  
To lounge betwixt the statues and the dome,  
Ere this in all appearance I had been  
With downright fretting worn away as lean,

she not modest ? Is she not beautiful ? Does she not  
bless you with children ? Upon which he stretch'd out  
his foot and said ; Is not this shoe handsome ? Is it not  
new ? and yet none of you know where it pinches, but I  
that wear it. *Rossi's Satires of Ariosto.*

Lin. 176. The statues of the Marquisses Lionel and  
Borso, were in the square of Ferrara, opposite the Du-  
cal Palace, on which was a dome like that of a church.  
Marquis Borso was the first who was created Duke of  
Ferrara.

As purgatory-souls, that vainly stretch  
 Their famish'd jaws to fruit just out of reach. 180

If I must live abroad, without dispute  
 No place like Rome my temper ought to suit,  
 Ev'n I th' excuse should willingly embrace  
 On any terms to quit this dismal place :  
 But would the Duke oblige me once for all, 185  
 Let him for pity order my recall ;  
 Nor longer journeys force me more to take,  
 Than four and twenty hours from home, and back.

If you persist, still curious to enquire,  
 Why this return so earnest I desire ; 190  
 Why will you urge me to confess, what pride  
 Or shame, the last remains of grace, would hide ?  
 At forty-nine you'll think perhaps, the plea,  
 Which nineteen well might urge, becomes not me :  
 Ah friend, we owe the virtues of fourscore 195  
 To being less than man, not being more.

Lin 180. This alludes to the twenty-second and twenty-third cantos of Dante's purgatory, where *quondam* gluttons are described in that uncomfortable situation.

Lin. 183, &c. See Note (u) in Ariosto's Life.

Howe'er tis well, that while I thus proclaim,  
 Urg'd by the force of truth, my private shame,  
 Thine eyes at such a distance cannot trace  
 The marks of guilt on my disorder'd face : 200  
 Ev'n here, where, from correction safe I speak,  
 The conscious blush now glows upon my cheek :  
 No livelier tint our wily dames assume  
 To hide decays, or shine with borrow'd bloom.

So look'd, I still remember well, the priest,  
 By accident expos'd, a common jest, 206  
 When by one bottle dropt, the publick knew,  
 Who stole the third, had fairly first drank two.

You wish me now in reach, and swear, I want  
 The friendly counsels of a tough oak plant, 210  
 Which well apply'd, would probably produce  
 A just compliance, not a lame excuse.

H——N.

## SATIRE VI\*.

TO HANNIBAL MALEGUCCIO.

**L**ONG have I known, instructed by my friends,  
 Our *Hannibal* to change his state intends;  
 The resolution I approve, but this,  
 That not from you I learn'd it, take amiss.

Perhaps you thought, that I must needs oppose  
 A diff'rent scheme for you, from what I chose; 6  
 As if, since I prefer'd the single life,  
 No one with my consent might take a wife.

You wrong me much, to think your friend so  
 weak,  
 My taste a rule for other folks to make: 10  
 By my advice let each consult his own,  
 Marry who will, I blame or envy none:

\* This Satire was wrote A. D. 1525, about the  
 choice of a wife, and is somewhat smart upon the errors  
 of the female sex.

Nay

Nay to be plain, my fortune I regret,  
 Deny'd the comforts of a marriage-state :  
 For when I thought of settling, my intent 15  
 Chance took ill-natur'd pleasure to prevent.

I always thought, and many times have said,  
 'Tis safest sleeping with a wife in bed ;  
 Whatever legends feign or preachers paint,  
 A single man's bad stuff to make a faint. 20

If the--*what is*--we guess from *what has been*,  
 The married have one bait the less for sin :  
 Few have the grace at home to want a meal,  
 Yet never range abroad to beg or steal :  
 And those who get the haunt abroad to dine, 25  
 With hasty steps to gluttony incline ;  
 The pamper'd stomach longs for change of food,  
 And loaths the dish too frequently renew'd.

When once to lust we yield a willing prey,  
 All rules or human or divine give way, 30  
 Man, God's own image, sinks beneath the beast,  
 Sensual alike the layman and the priest.

Your

Your *Reggio* swarms with such, as may surpass  
 In greediness the wolf, in sloth the ass:  
 That town would furnish many a curious tale, 35  
 Were the flock suffer'd at its guides to rail.

Spite of your silence, 'tis not hard to guess  
 You feel the common yoke, tho' murmur less:  
 For *Modena*, it well deserves its curse;  
 Befall what will, it merits something worse. 40

Well! take her if you will, but do't in time,  
 Nor wait till past life's transitory prime:  
 Don't put it off, like Doctor—you know who,  
 To trust the latter spring of sixty-two;  
 That age much better suits a chearful glass, 45  
 Than awkward dalliance with a sprightly lass:  
 Tell me, who ever saw or ever heard  
 Of Hymen painted with a silver beard.

Lin. 33. *Reggio* took up arms for the Pope, while  
*Alfonso* was at Rome; therefore *Ariosto*, in gratitude  
 to his Patron, lashes it, and the ecclesiasticks in particu-  
 lar, who from being bigotted to the Pope, might not  
 improbably be the movers of the sedition.

The

The marriage torch a steady flame requires,  
The blaze of age, like tinder, quick expires: 50  
The heated dotard soon repents his pride,  
Consum'd himself to disappoint the bride.

Nay more, to crown the shame of thy defeat,  
'Tis odds, if Madam loses by the cheat:  
Three sure assistants women never want, 55  
Nature, the Captain, and the Confidante.

But grant your spouse the mirrour of her sex!  
Her fame will doubts or whispers never vex?

The ladies censure hard, and reason just, 59  
They know themselves, and therefore they mistrust.

Tho' I myself a false alarm neglect,  
It hurts one that another should suspect.

All these are but imaginary pains,  
Sir *Giorio* cries, now hear, how he complains;  
Suppose one infant in the cradle lay, 63  
Two children small about the room at play;  
And Miss that some few years the rest foreran,  
At riper twelve enquiring after man.

How

How must a parent's heart with anguish sink,  
 Just on the verge of ebbing life, to think 70  
 These must be left, and who shall then direct  
 Their minds, or who from fraud and vice protect.

Well ! take her timely then, the quicksand shun  
 Where this fool sank, yet that still ventures on.  
 In ev'ry church a multitude there lies 75  
 Of such, tho' fibbing tombstones stile them, wise :  
 For fear of offspring these had long abstain'd ;  
 A scanty stream (they thought) in channels drain'd,  
 Must quickly fail ; and how shall we support,  
 With children charg'd, our proper rank at court.

Justly condemn'd by all, he late pursues 81  
 In age, what heat of youth might well excuse ;  
 Forgets the honours of his ancient name,  
 In cottages and kitchens vents his flame :  
 Hence, not uncommonly, the fruitful soil 85  
 With unexpected shoots repays his toil :  
 What must be done ? for nature seems to plead :  
 The children to the father should succeed :

What !

LUDOVICO ARIOSTO. 109

What ! but new crimes a private match to feign,  
And wrong his lawful heirs to cure the stain. 90

*Ferrara* bears th' indelible reproach ;  
A countess *Cinderilla* mounts the coach :  
No wonder if at last the mongrel brood,  
By all neglected, seldom comes to good.

Estates or titles fathers may entail, 95  
The mother's blood will probably prevail,

Dear cousin, take a wife ; but first reflect,  
No after-thoughts can errors here correct ;  
Thousands, that chose in haste, and chose amiss,  
Now smart for one irrevocable—Yes. 100

Excuse the love, that on a point so nice  
Prompts me unask'd to offer my advice ;  
And hopes the friendly hand you'll scarce refuse,  
That points out what to shun and what to chuse.

Methinks you smile and answer, those that teach  
By practice, more than theory, should preach. 106  
Why should I give th' advice I never took,  
How should I fit, that never wore the yoke ?

'Tis

'Tis well—but then you know the vulgar say,  
 One stander-by sees more, than two, that play; 110  
 In common life the case is much the same,  
 While others held the cards, I learn'd the game.

Hear me at least, and where I reason right,  
 Pursue the thought, the rest at pleasure flight.

Those that will risk advice, must take their lot;  
 The man meant well, but argues like a sot. 116

But now, before you listen to the rest,  
 Observe in time I enter my protest,  
 If Venus has bewitch'd thee to a face,  
 My arguments are nothing to the case: 120  
 To lovesick sense the languish of an eye,  
 Or dimpled cheek, all other worth supply.  
 Take by all means thy toy—'twere thrown away  
 All else that I, or Solomon could say:  
 My counsel good or bad was ne'er design'd 125  
 For such as, spite of nature, will be blind;  
 If you have eyes to see, and light would use,  
 Where truth and reason lead the path, peruse.

He,

LUDOVICO ARIOSTO. 111

He, that would safely wed, should learn with  
care,

The mother who, and what the sisters are: 130  
Those who consult their honour, comprehend,  
To what good purpose these enquiries tend.

The careful chapman, when he buys the steed,  
First knows and forms a judgment from the breed :  
Women are fly, and yet we sometimes trace 135  
Their tempers, from the knowledge of their race.  
Doves are not hatch'd by hawks ; the tripping doe  
Ne'er learn'd her swiftness from th' unwieldy cow ;  
In women 'twere a prodigy as great,  
The daughter prudent, and the dam, coquet. 140

Nature is stubborn, passions will have vent,  
Prudence may govern, scarcely change the bent :  
What hopes to alter or divert its course,  
When habit and example join their force ?

The mother still has two gallants : will four 145  
The daughter satisfy ? will half a score ?  
'Tis well, when new desires new conquests whet,  
If not for half the sex she spreads the net.

All

All this, you're to suppose, can mean no harm,  
 Why has heav'n made her fair, if not to charm?  
 Your spouse less courted, think what a disgrace! 151  
 Tho' something younger with as good a face.

Next, think it not a point of slight concern,  
 The nurse and the companions who, to learn;  
 At home if work and books her time employ'd,  
 At court if musick, scandal, cards and pride. 156

Let not a portion tempt thee, nor a line  
 Of antient coronets to graft on thine:  
 A wife, that boasts alliance and estate,  
 At best will make thee miserably great. 160

The dame high-bred, and careless of expence,  
 For fresh demands will never want pretence:  
 Footmen and maids she has, but what avail  
 All these, without a page, to air her tail?  
 Would you the bounds of her desires explore, 165  
 All, others ever had, and something more;  
 Friends for the table, parties for the play,  
 To kill the time, and pass the live-long day.

To save the coach, ne'er think of an excuse;  
 Fine ladies' legs were never made for use; 170  
 Tho', to say truth, I count that charge the least,  
 Where more than half the whole, is so much waste:  
 Husbands of rank and fortune ought to make  
 Some needles show for mere distinction's sake:  
 Should you in such a point your spouse refuse, 175  
 Wives of a lower class might well excuse.

See how *Iannica* flaunts it up and down!  
 Her hackney pair the nuisance of the town;  
 Those, that can horses keep, the horses suit;  
 Shall she be coach'd, your lady trape on foot? 180

This point once gain'd, will new demands beget;  
 You that can keep a pair, might keep a set:  
 Hence mortgagees and duns thy levee wait,  
 And ten per cent consumes the dipt estate.

Madam, if crost, can skowl, can fret, can weep,  
 The husband, that denys, has *murder'd sleep*: 186  
 Deafness alone can save thee from her tongue,  
 As once Ulysses scap'd the Syren's song.

I know my pow'r you'll say, and can speak high:  
 Do so—you'll never fail to meet reply : 190  
 The seeds of discord tenfold harvests bring ;  
 Provoke a wasp, and ask, if it will sting.

At least among your equals chuse your wife,  
 One, that to yours will suit her way of life.  
 You'll never like a wife, that pert and vain, 195  
 Like new lord *Froth's* new lady, sweeps her train.

I should be loth my peace of mind to share  
 With one, that shines the fairest of the fair ;  
 Such as the nicer judges beauties call,  
 Queen of the feast, and Empress at the ball— 200

A middle way there lies, between th' excess  
 Of very much deform'd, and faultless face ;  
 The well-enoughs : you'll find good choice of these.  
 Such as will neither charm thee, nor displease.

They, who from hence the right hand track  
 pursue,  
 Will reach the very handsome ; proudly few : 206  
 And such, who take the left, must think to find  
 Those, to whom mother nature prov'd unkind.

As

LUDOVICO ARIOSTO. 115

As you move farther on, you'll find, that these  
 In ugliness itself observe degrees : 210  
 Those to the right with gradual lustre shine,  
 From pretty girls, to angels, to divine:  
 Might I presume to offer my advice,  
 The point of beauty should not fix my choice ;  
 Lean rather to the right, but still take care 215  
 Not from the middle line to stray too far.

Kind heav'n direct thy steps and give thee grace  
 To shun th' inticements of too fair a face :  
 Thy neighbourhood will view with jealous eyes  
 The sole possession of so rich a prize: 220  
 Some will pretend to share it : grant that she  
 Should one refuse, or two perhaps, or three :  
 Is there no fourth ?—that frailty can resist  
 A constant siege,—believe it, those that list :  
 Yet shun a face, that ill becomes the light, 225  
 A wife should never shock the husband's sight.  
 The *Medium* may preserve a fix'd esteem ;  
 Fond dotage or aversion, each extream.

I'd wish her person and her shape genteel,  
 An air of sense, else nothing can look well : 230

Her reason not t' exceed the common size,  
Beyond her sphere impertinently wise.

Some women, if by chance they make a trip,  
Want ev'n discretion to conceal the slip,  
Nor rest in peace till all the neighbours know, 235  
Or fairly guess, that things went so and so :

Others with studious care their game conceal,  
Windows have eyes and walls may secrets tell :  
'Thus cleanly cats a private spot provide,  
Where to repose what decency would hide. 240

Let her converse with unaffected ease,  
Know how to condescend, and strive to please ;  
Gay within proper limits, ne'er disgrace  
With fullenness and frowns her honest face ;  
Modest to hear, and, when her spouse is by, 245  
In men's affairs leave him to make reply ;  
Loiter no time, no household cares forget,  
Nor think a wife can ever be too neat.

In point of years I fancy 'twould be best,  
Yours should exceed by ten or twelve at least : 250

With

With one, that equals, or surmounts your age,  
Were women scarce, as good ones, ne'er engage.

In the fair sex the spring of beauty past,  
Too delicate a blossom long to last,  
On wither'd dainties, Love, too nice to feed, 255  
Gives place, while coldness and disgust succeed.

I think, till thirty those that can contain,  
From serious thoughts of marriage should abstain ;  
Nor fix till time the heat of youth has spent,  
Eager to wish, and hasty to repent. 260

Let her fear God, and regularly pray,  
One mass well heard should serve her for the day :

I should be apt to think that life the best,  
That seldom penance needs for sins confess.  
Had I a wife, my patience scarce would bear 265  
The ghostly guide for ever at her ear ;  
Her hands employ'd to lengthen out the feast,  
And *Dominick* the only welcome guest.

I should esteem it right to rest content  
With so much beauty, just as nature lent, 270

While art and paint suspected bloom bestows  
On madam *Brittle*'s husband's lady-spouse.

The beauty-wash excepted, grant your wife  
All ornaments, that suit her rank in life :  
No paint on any terms would I permit, 275  
And here our humours do, or ought to hit.

If *Erculano* had the wit and grace,  
To know what meets his kifs on *Lydia*'s face,  
The loathsome thought would all desire remove,  
And serve the quickest cure for ill-plac'd love. 280

Lotions, pomatums, ointments, sublimate,  
Choice myst'ries of a lady's cabinet,  
Punish with swift decays th' uncleanly guile,  
And, us'd to mend complections, quickly spoil.

Hence furrows seam the cheeks, and pimples  
glow ; 285  
Time never fails the secret fraud to show ;  
Hence pois'nous steams exhales the fetid breath,  
And tainted drop the black uneven teeth.

Let

Let her the paths avoid, which crowds pursue,  
And imitate the very, very few : 290  
Of ev'ry useful female art posselt,  
And wholly ignorant of all the rest.

If such an one as this you chance to find,  
And two you'll scarcely meet in all the kind,  
Take her and hope the best---'tis all we can ; 295  
He that could fix events, were more than man.

If after marriage she should change her course,  
Turn out a slut, or scold, or something worse ;  
(As who can tell what crops the field may bring,  
How kind foe'er the prospects of the spring ;) 300  
Not owing to your fault the bad success,  
Your disappointment always will be less.  
The dinner spoil'd deceives the master's care,  
We blame the cook, and not the bill of fare :  
But he who blindly takes a yoke for life, 305  
Whom any woman serves to make a wife ;  
Or he, who hopes, that marriage may correct  
The faults he knew, or justly might suspect,

Unpity'd, tho' ill-us'd, will find too late,  
 He ought to curse his folly, not his fate : 310  
 In dang'rous seas, he oft had heard it said,  
 Sailors should keep a good look out ahead.

'Tis not enough the courser to provide,  
 He risks his neck, that mounts, but cannot guide :  
 The graceful manner learn, and when to strain,  
 Or stop ; to use the spur, or check the rein. 316

When you have fix'd your choice, forbear to  
 roam,  
 A married man should keep his heart at home :  
 Of foreign game while poachers range in quest,  
 Some cuckow often fills the vacant nest. 320

Treat her with kind endearments, nor neglect  
 The soft returns her fondness may expect.  
 Thankful accept the least attempts to please,  
 Unask'd t' oblige her all occasions seize ;  
 Tho' she should err, be slow to take it ill, 325  
 When you reprove, let kindness gild the pill :  
 Avoid reproach, let no expression move  
 A blush, except of gratitude and love.

By gentleness and cunning, more than force,  
 The practis'd jockey breaks the gen'rous horse :  
 Ev'n with the spaniel, those can tell that breed,  
 How much caresses, more than threats, succeed.

I should advise the gentlest ways to take  
 With animals of so much softer make :  
 Harsh words do little good, where soft ones fail,  
 And blows with restiff tempers less prevail. 336

Remember, heav'n to man the woman gave  
 The helpmeet, the companion, not the slave :  
 Treat her with equal honours to the full,  
 And do't in fact ; but do not seem to rule. 340

Whate'er she asks, or seems to wish, supply :  
 Show her, at least, it hurts you to deny :  
 In this let love and reason bear their part,  
 The husband's pow'r requires no deeper art.

To leave her wholly mistress of her will, 345  
 You'll bear the blame, whene'er she chuses ill ;  
 But should you seem her conduct to mistrust,  
 Hence grows constraint, suspicion and disgust.

At

At proper times you'll let her freely go  
 To any publick place, or publick show, 350  
 To church, to court, and sometimes to the play,  
 Visits of form receive, and duly pay.

The fly galant a mistress seldom meets  
 In your large companies or crowded streets ;  
 But private parties haunts for vicious ends, 355  
 The next-door-neighbour's or the female friend's.

The weather be it cloudy, be it bright,  
 'Twere best to trust her rarely out of sight ;  
 Maidens with child and honest servants thieves  
 Occasion seldom finds, but often leaves. 360

Companions to divert her, try t' engage,  
 Such as may suit her temper and her age ;  
 But know and watch them well, we often fear  
 The distant danger and o'erlook the near :  
 Do it with caution, jealousy may make 365  
 The woman false for contradiction's sake :  
 Causeless suspicions, and affected care  
 Instead of guards to virtue spread the snare.

In short, prevent th' occasions if you can,  
 If not, submit and bear it like a man : 370  
 Acquit yourself; to fate resign th' event  
 And let Rome fall, her *Lucius* innocent.

You've heard the likeliest methods to secure  
 Your spouse's faith ; the best are far from sure.

Women sometimes thro' meer perverseness stray,  
 The husband's weakness oftner leads the way. 376

H—N.

S A.

## SATIRE VII.\*

TO CARDINAL BEMBO.

YOUR gen'rous Friendship, *Bembo*, will excuse,  
Nay, hear with pleasure my intruding muse.

The anxious Father, tho' himself has none,  
Still aims at all perfections in his son :

My fond desire would plant each lib'ral art                      5  
In my *Virginus*, that can mend the heart,  
Awake the faculties, encrease their store,  
And teach th' aspiring genius how to soar.

In thee the gifts of art and nature join ;  
Do thou assist me in this grand design :                      10  
Think not, howe'er, your friend so weak to ask  
Your own encountring this laborious task ;

\* This Satire was wrote in 1531, two years before  
Ariosto's death, when he sent his son *Virginus* to  
Padua.—See his letter to Bembo, *Pitteri's Venice edition*.  
tom. iii. p. 848.

Your

Your judgment and your knowledge of mankind }  
 Some learned, honest, and poor Greek may find, }  
 Who would exult, to such a toil consign'd. 15 }

Without a sterling honest heart, I dread  
 The glitt'ring tinsel of a learned head ;  
 For, in our age that pride of learning swells,  
 And ev'n against th' Almighty's self rebels ;  
 Provokes the Father with her impious boast, 20 }  
 Rejects the Son, contemns the Holy Ghost, }  
 In low disputes, and vain distinctions lost ! }  
 Out-reasons reason, and devoid of shame, }  
 Opposing all mankind, would raise a name 24 }  
 Of wit that pierc'd thro' all the heav'nly Frame. }

If metaphysic science frequent swerves  
 From the right road, nor the true faith preserves,  
 It merits more my pity, than reproof :  
 For as that subtil study keeps aloof  
 From stated rules, unaw'd by reason's rein, 30  
 And still soars on (tho' soaring still in vain)

With

With fancy's wings, that rais'd it may behold  
 The Godhead, and his mysteries unfold;  
 No wonder, if at length, confus'd and blind,  
 From such a dazzling height, down drops th' as-  
 tounded mind.

35

But you, whose milder studies teach the way  
 To tame the stubborn will, the passions sway,  
 In whose creative verse the purling rill,  
 With fancy'd murmurs trickles down the hill,  
 And gently thro' th' ennamell'd meadow strays : 40  
 Nor less creative in your patron's praise,  
 Pore over ancient records of renown,  
 And plaister him with virtues, not his own;  
 What clouds can intercept your clearer view,  
 What studied blindness tempt you to pursue 45  
 The road abstruse of metaphysic wit,  
 And certain truth, for speculation, quit?

The Holy Saint, or Great Apostle's name,  
 Giv'n by your careful Sire, you now disclaim ;

And

Lin. 48. It was the mode in those days to drop the  
 Christian name they received in Baptism, and adopt that  
 of

And search the learned Heathen's volumes round,  
 To choose one, as men pipkins, by the sound : 51  
 Elate with this, the studious lamp you light,  
 Beneath this shield think you can safely write, }  
 Nor dread the Critick's rage or brother-Poet's }  
 spite.

Vain hope ! the pen, severely just, contemns 55  
 The weak disguise, and the mean work condemns.

Such must they be, whom Plato's sacred law  
 Enjoins from his Republic to withdraw ;  
 But such were not Amphion, Phœbus, they,  
 Who first invented the poetic lay : 60  
 Glorious alike in goodness and in verse,  
 They chose, heroic actions to rehearse,  
 With emulation fir'd the savage train,  
 And made the brutes of nature grow humane.

Hence Poets to th' unlearned vulgar sing, 65  
 That, at the touch of their melodious string,

of some classical author, or celebrated great man of antiquity ; as if the bearing his name could inspire them with a similarity of sentiment.

The stones rowl'd on, obedient to the call,  
 And form'd fair Thebe's and Troy's majestic wall;  
 That Orpheus' lyre from out their dark abodes  
 Entic'd the savage inmates of the woods. 70

Wonder not, if, to other follies blind,  
 My verse to those of Poets seems confin'd :  
 All ranks provoke the keen satiric lay,  
 All orders merit worse, than I can say;  
 Nay, call for punishment still more severe, 75  
 But other orders touch me not so near.

Were I to drag their secret sins to light,  
 You'd swear, I ransack other works, and slight  
 All but their pois'nous gall, and ranc'rous spite. }

When other studies flourish or decline, 80  
 Their joy I taste, their sorrow too is mine;  
 But tho' my reason can restrain me here,  
 I'm wildly Frantick in my proper sphere :  
 Since in the herd of poets I have gone,  
 Their praise or blame affects me like my own. 85

Rise Doctor Dulman, thou half fool, half-zealot,  
 By sympathetic dulness in thy Prelate:

Let

Let bribery in petty lawyers thrive ;  
 Let wise physicians by their poison live :  
 Let that grave doctor of the church, whose tongue,  
 As well as brains, is ever in the wrong,  
 Whose innate blundering was bad enough,  
 Without a stutt'ring speech to set it off ;  
 To please his palate no expences spare,  
 Pamper his Mifs, her bastards too, with care, 95  
 While all his family complain at home,  
 Or begging for relief, and starving roam ;  
 Nay, let me hear him bellow out aloud,  
 How chaste I am, how abstinent in food,  
 I care not for my own, but for the publick good ; }  
 To ev'n these wretches I am all good-nature, 101  
 Sin on secure, ye need not fear my Satire ;  
 Your errors so severely I don't feel,  
 To break my rest, or spoil a single meal.

So, to return to what is most at heart, 105  
 I wish you would perform the friendly part  
 Of searching out a Tutor, free from vice,  
 Free from those vain and senseless blasphemies :

130. THE SATIRES OF

To such a guide as this, and such alone,  
 I should be glad to trust my fav'rite Son 110  
 To learn, whate'er the Grecian Muses sung,  
 Whatever graces deck that copious tongue :  
 The Latin authors he has read with me,  
 And tastes the beauties of their imag'ry :  
 But laziness, or chance, or cares, or age 115  
 Forbid in deeper studies to engage.

Alas ! when, eager for the vocal string,  
 In florid youth I tun'd my voice to sing,  
 Long ere the tender Down had yet began  
 To bloom upon my cheek and promise man, 120  
 My father drove me from the pleasing toil,  
 To read old statutes, cases disembroil—  
 Say, could the Muses haunt that barren foil ?  
 But when he saw his over-rigid sway  
 In vain, five tedious years quite thrown away, 125  
 That I knew none—except poetic laws,  
 He dropp'd at last the long-contested cause ;  
 My liberty regain'd, at twenty-one,  
 I felt, how idly all my youth had gone :

Kind fortune then the wish'd-for guide bestow'd,  
*Gregorio da Spoleti*, learn'd and good, 131  
 Whose care exacts eternal gratitude:  
 Those secret graces, from most eyes conceal'd,  
 In each learn'd language, were to his reveal'd;  
 And which, with most melodious flow of song, 135  
 The Mantuan Bard or Grecian pour'd along.

To know a foreign tongue was small renown,  
 I thought—while unacquainted with my own;  
 Greek still neglected, still on Latin bent,  
 Fortune resum'd the help, she only lent: 140  
 The hapless Dukes took my guide away,  
 And put that Son beneath his gentle sway,  
 Whose uncle barbarously dar'd to seize  
 His country's and his Prince's liberties;  
 But vengeance struck th' Usurper down again, 145  
 The Dukedom fell beneath the Gallic chain.

Lin. 141. Isabella, daughter of the King of Naples, wife of Galeazzo, Duke of Milan, and her son Galeazzo were taken prisoners by Lewis XII. of France, as was Ludovico Sforza, their unnatural uncle, who had usurped the Dukedom, and began the war. Gregorio went with the Dukes to France and died there.

Alas ! that cruel fate, with dire resolve,  
 In one promiscuous ruin should involve  
 The guiltless with the guilty ! should not all  
 It's vengeance on th' offender only fall ! 150

*Gregorio*, to the captive exile just,  
 Till snatch'd by death, stood steady to his trust :  
 That heavy loss, and many other cares,  
 Th' eternal hurry of perplex'd affairs,  
 Forc'd me all further study to decline, 155  
 And bid adieu to all the tuneful Nine.

My father died : now toil to toil succeeds,  
*Homer* must vanish for the title-deeds :  
 No more at my lov'd studies must I stay,  
 But dry accompts consume the live-long day : 160  
 My sisters must be settled, portions paid,  
 Yet on my lands no heavy mortgage laid :  
 My little Brothers no small care require,  
 My kindness must supply their loss of Sire :  
 In this my duty and affection join, 165  
 And piety confirms the just design :  
 Their diff'rent turns and talents must be known,  
 One to the court be sent, the army, one ;

A third must study: each pursue his bent;  
 And I direct to virtue's steep ascent 170  
 Each tender mind, it's falling into vice prevent. }

Thus teaz'd, my utmost wish could ask no more,  
 Than bare remem'bring what I learn'd before:  
 My downcast mind became a prey to grief,  
 And long'd for death, the wretch's last relief: 175  
 For he, whose company new life inspir'd  
 For study, and with emulation fir'd,  
 My kinsman, brother, nay, my very soul,  
 Whose converse could all other cares controul,  
*Pandolfo* dyed:—dire stroke of fate malign, 180  
 That snatch'd away the glory of our line!

If honours spring from virtue, as disgrace  
 Attends on vice, and stains the villain's race,  
 From him the highest honours, brightest fame  
 Had sprung, and rais'd the Ariosto-name 185  
 To greater, nobler dignity, than most  
*Ferrara* or *Bologna* e'er could boast.

These ills succeeds a still severer stroke;  
 I was compell'd to bear the galling yoke

Of *Este's* Cardinal ; beneath his fway  
 Too many tedious years were thrown away  
 In never-ceasing journies, night and day.

Chang'd from a Poet to a Cavalier,  
 O'er craggy cliffs, bad roads my course I steer :  
 No thoughts of learning can his mind engross, 195  
 Who dreads the rising rock, and sinking fofs :  
 I rather stand astonish'd, that my brain,  
 Unhurt, so many troubles could sustain ;  
 And not like *Æschylus* on the first rock  
 Lose all its knowledge by a single shock. 200

*Bembo*, my whole desire thus far extends,  
 That, while his mind unprejudic'd attends  
 To learning, you would prudently provide  
 For my *Virginus* an experienc'd guide :

Lin. 199. In allusion to an Eagle mistaking his bald pate for a piece of rock, and dropping a Tortoise upon it, which killed him. The Oracle had foretold he should one day die by a fall, and he thought to avoid it by staying the fated day in the open fields.

That,

That, tho' his father fail'd, for want of time, 205  
He to Parnassus topmost height may climb.

T. H. C——R.

Lin. 205. This finishing Couplet, which perhaps was the last Ariosto ever wrote, is, I think, a genteel excuse for the many inaccuracies, that occur throughout all his writings. It is evident to any reader of sense, that he could have mended them, had he not been perplexed with the many avocations, recorded in this Satire. But as this excuses him, and may, in some degree others, whose situation in life will not afford them time for retouching things, which perhaps necessity forces them to throw out into the world; so it leaves them inexcusable, who have the contrary advantages of affluence and leisure, and who have nothing to plead in defence of their forward brats, but the fond desire of introducing them too early into life. Nor is this worse policy in the real, than in the literary world. Writings and men, unimproved and without accomplishments, are not likely to make any great figure upon either stage of life.

*F I N I S.*

# THE HISTORY OF THE

REIGN OF KING CHARLES THE FIRST

IN WHICH ARE CONTAINED THE

CAUSES, THE CONDUCT, AND THE

ISSUES OF THE GREAT WAR

BETWEEN HIM AND HIS PARLIAMENTS

IN THE SEVENTEENTH CENTURY

BY SAMUEL JOHNSON

IN TWO VOLUMES

LONDON: Printed by A. MILLAR, in the Strand, 1764.

THE SECOND VOLUME

CONTAINING THE

REMAINDER OF THE HISTORY

OF THE REIGN OF KING CHARLES THE FIRST

IN THE SEVENTEENTH CENTURY

BY SAMUEL JOHNSON

IN TWO VOLUMES

LONDON: Printed by A. MILLAR, in the Strand, 1764.

THE SECOND VOLUME

CONTAINING THE

REMAINDER OF THE HISTORY

OF THE REIGN OF KING CHARLES THE FIRST

IN THE SEVENTEENTH CENTURY

BY SAMUEL JOHNSON



GEO. PEABODY

851

.3

Ar 43

1757

c. 1

6733814  
122617

As ESTC (4)

[Vol. 135 (1) 30]

Life by Temple

Henry Croker

as are 2d & last transl.

others by Reverend

Mr. Hutton

(see p. 12)

59893





